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"TRAFALGAR DAY," OCTOBER 21, 1895: COMMEMORATING THE NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT NELSON'S COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is a general notion, even among students of human nature, that there is good in everybody: that our fellow-creatures, morally speaking, are "neither black nor white, but piebald." This is echoed by the vulgar, who are given to protest that the most offensive persons are "not so bad when you come to know them," though they admit this is rather difficult of accomplishment, and takes some years. This may be the case, to begin with, if your villain can be caught and tamed, but I am afraid there are some cases where his wickedness is not only unredeemed but unredeemable. One wonders, for example, what these optimists would have found to admire in Mrs. Brownrigg or Jack the Ripper. They may, of course, have been socially delightful, devoted to music, poetry, and the fine arts, and, apart from their weakness for cruelty and homicide, as charming an addition to the family circle as the late Mr. Peace; but, for my part, I doubt it. It may be my want of charity, but I am afraid I have known persons without one single redeeming point in their character. A thorough scoundrel has this pull in his favour—that when, because his advantage lies that way, he is obliged to be civil, the persons to whom he is thus gracious take it as a compliment to themselves, and half-unconsciously become his apologists. The advocates of the piebald theory have, however, it must be confessed, analogy upon their side, since there are few examples of absolute perfection to be found in any members of our acquaintance save of a temporary character; as, for instance, the young person to whom we are engaged to be married, though she afterwards proves sometimes a little disappointing. The most striking example of a total falling off from virtue has lately occurred in the person of a French soldier. He took part in the Tonquin war, was captured by pirates, and because he refused to give information concerning the strength and position of the troops, was terribly tortured: he was tied to a tree, and scourged, and tar rubbed into his wounds preparatory to his being burnt alive, and yet they could get nothing out of him. After his rescue he was made a member of the Legion of Honour, and surely no man better deserved it: if anyone ever had a right to be termed a hero he had. And now, alas! in rags, but decorated, he has been brought before the police in Paris for selling disgusting pictures in the streets. What a contradiction this man must appear, even to himself, who has thus touched both the zenith of virtue and the nadir of vice! Piebald is just the name for him—white as light and black as night.

The abhorrence of respectable persons for the synonym for "sanguinary" is almost as extraordinary as its popularity with the lower classes. The latter use it without the least sense of any impropriety, and simply to accentuate their observations: having a very limited vocabulary, they make the most of it by repetition. It is a vulgar and disagreeable word, but for the life of me I cannot comprehend what is so shocking about it. There seems to be the same sort of unintelligible prejudice against it as against the synonym for a Norfolk Howard. Even writers who do not show themselves so very delicate in other matters, now, we read, prefer to speak of this boycotted adjective as "bluggy," and of its corresponding substantive as "blugginess." These do not appear to me as being at all prettier or purer words. In days gone by O'Connell spoke of the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," and the *Times* in reporting him rendered it, very ingeniously with a view to exhibit his bad language, as the "base, b—, and brutal Whigs." The word "blank," or its sign, is now constantly used for the word in question, which caused some wicked wit to observe of the well-known line—

On the blank street breaks the blank day,
that it was ill adapted for the cultured reader. The *Spectator* the other day had an article upon novels which deal with bloodshed and the public taste for them, which it entitled "Blugginess." One hopes we shall never see in its classical columns the word "blooming" (generally without the *g*), also a synonym for this objectionable expression. However they may dislike the word, it is certain that readers of fiction do not dislike the thing. There is a good deal of "blugginess" in our favourite novelists: the heroes of Mr. Rider Haggard bathe in it (so to speak) and we are delighted to watch them at their ablutions; Stevenson was now and then rather "bluggy," and few of us liked him the less for it; Mr. Conan Doyle, in that noble story "The White Company," and still more in the storming of the stockade at the end of "The Refugees," is unquestionably "bluggy"; even Mr. Stanley Weyman, in his gentlemanly way, is "bluggy." For my part, though the most peaceful of men, I like plenty of "blugginess" in my fiction, so long as it occurs to the right—that is, the wicked—people. There is no more interesting reading to my mind than the "bluggy" end of the cruel; but whenever it occurs to the good people I shut up the book.

No "high-handed outrage in Utica" has surely ever been surpassed in the way of tax-gathering by the attempt made before the Braintree bench of magistrates to extort the dog tax from Punch's dog Toby. If ever a dog was a necessity to his master, he is—quite as much so as a shepherd's collie; indeed, without him, where would the

play be? The usual metaphor of "Hamlet" without the Prince falls far short of such an omission. One has to go back to Wat Tyler's time to find a parallel to such an exaction; and as that individual successfully refused to submit to the minion of the law, so, we hope, Toby may do. Curiously enough, Punch and the dog tax are not wholly dissociated. Among the sayings attributed to Douglas Jerrold is a very bitter one he applied to Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*. Lemon was deeply attached to Dickens, and showed it in a very open fashion, which perhaps aroused the great satirist's jealousy. At all events, as Jerrold was walking out one day with Lemon and another friend, and Dickens with several more behind them, Lemon suddenly dropped away and turned back. "What has become of *Punch*?" asked Jerrold's companion. "Did you not hear Dickens whistle?" was the cynical reply. "Dickens pays the dog tax for Lemon." But no one ought to pay a tax for *Punch*'s dog. He is the most patient and "put upon" of animals; his bark, indeed, cannot be said to be worse than his bite, but that is because he does not bark at all. When irritated beyond all bounds by (I think) the clergyman in the drama, he goes nearer snapping a man's nose off than any other dog ever did; but he never does it.

Of all the fancies of the collector, that of the Queen of Hawaii for rope-knots seems the most unaccountable. She has, we are assured, the largest and finest assortment of sailors' knots in the world; which, indeed, she well may have, since no other person is known to have had the same eccentric taste. Her island home has been visited by sailors of all nationalities, and she has fully taken advantage of their rope-tying talents. One would have thought the examples would not have been very various, but perhaps it requires an expert to discriminate between them. A good ship—and, therefore, why not a good sailor?—makes several knots an hour. Still, one hardly sees why such a taste should be limited to sailors' knots. The late Mr. Calcraft might have furnished her with knots to which much greater dramatic interest was attached. A Queen who has loved and lost might find more romance in a true-lovers' knot. At present she does not seem to have given herself rope enough, or too much of one kind. The newspapers make merry about her Majesty's little weakness, but now she is deposed, her collection is doubtless a comfort to her: if denied her liberty she has still her rope-walk; and, after all, is her craze a more ridiculous one than a passion for blue china, or postage stamps, or those first editions, which are generally inferior, from all reasonable points of view, to the later ones? Mr. Jogglebury Crowdy's taste for walking-sticks with heads of eminent characters upon them, carved by his own hand, strikes one as a craze rather above the average in point of interest; only his unfortunate habit of expecting his friends to identify them (none of them being the least like) made his company more trying than that of most collectors. It has always surprised me that no collection of dinner-napkins, such as have often aroused one's admiration, "composed and arranged" by ingenious waiters, has not formed the devotion of a lifetime of some faddist or another; he might do worse, for there is no little talent hidden in a napkin, or, at least, in the display of it.

In an American literary paper I read a terrible onslaught on those publishers who seek to seduce an author from his allegiance to the house which has possession of him by the offer of higher prices. "It is not gentlemanly, it is not Christian, and shows a total absence of good feeling and *esprit-de-corps*. What should we say of a man who tries to deprive his neighbour of a good cook by the same means?" Well, we might not care to dine with him—unless she were a very good cook—but the cases do not seem quite parallel. If we came as a guest it would be a breach of hospitality to wile away the cook; but there is no such breach in the publishers' case. Since there has been no scruple in identifying the popular author's case with that of a cook, we may compare a publisher with common commercial persons. Would it be wrong in a banker who gives three per cent. on deposit to endeavour to annex clients from bankers who only give two? Would it be wrong for a hairdresser who cuts, curls, and shampoos one for a shilling to take customers away from a hairdresser who charges eighteenpence? And if not, why should it be wrong in a publisher to offer an author a larger price for his book than he is at present obtaining? Also, though it is perhaps presumptuous in him to claim anything, is the author never to be allowed an advance? Having once taken service in a publishing house, is he forbidden to "better himself"?—a chance that happens even to a kitchen-maid! According to some authorities authors are sometimes "sweated" by their publishers, when it only requires a little benevolent feeling in another publisher to interfere and release him from such servitude, more especially if, to use a phrase peculiar to the Row, there is "still meat on his bones." For my part, while there is no one who more respects and admires the friendly relations that not seldom exist between author and publisher, and cause the one as much as the other to shrink from the notion of parting company, I do not see why the book trade should be made an exception to all other trades, and be ruled by sentiment instead of commercial principles.

In the Legislative Assembly at Sydney a solicitor has been bursting into tears: an unusual circumstance in this hemisphere. The cause of this emotion was that his partner had defended a murderer who had confessed to him that he was guilty. I suppose that in the underworld, as in the United States, solicitors and advocates are one. In this country we avoid this gentleman's embarrassing position by keeping them apart, so that the counsel is the mouthpiece of the solicitor, and only actually knows (however shrewdly he may guess) what is in his instructions. When he does know that the accused is guilty it is a disputed point, which you may read argued at length in "Orley Farm," as to whether he is justified in proceeding with the case or not. Trollope was vehemently opposed to it; but it is argued, not unreasonably, that it is a counsel's duty to do his best for his client, though, of course, without asserting his innocence. To throw up the case is to destroy a chance which he would have had in other hands. Lord Truro, when at the Bar, refused to defend a man who had very injudiciously confessed he was guilty because he was under the impression that his counsel ought to know all. "The single question is," said Wilde, "whether the witness for the prosecutor is perjured or not. I will not defile my mind and powers of reasoning by trying to persuade a jury that a witness is perjured when I know from the defendant that he is telling the truth." On the other hand, an equally famous advocate, afterwards also a judge, has thus confessed himself: "I am never so happy as when I am defending a prisoner I know to be guilty; for if he is convicted he will get his deserts, and if I get him off it will be a tribute to my skill."

It is marvellous how with so limited an area (though, indeed, it is the ocean) and so comparatively small a number of *dramatis personæ* Mr. Clark Russell continues to make his stories attractive to a host of readers. Of course, as a marine painter he is unrivalled; and if, like Solomon, we know nothing of the way of a ship in the sea, it is not his fault, for he has fully instructed us in it. But mere description, however excellent, does not go very far with the lover of fiction; he demands adventure, love, and fidelity, and in these respects also Mr. Russell is not wanting. In his latest novel, "Heart of Oak," we have, as usual, a scarcity of female characters (on one occasion, indeed, he gave us little else—a whole shipload of them—after which he may naturally think that the ladies have no right to grumble), but the heroine is (to use a vulgar expression) "such a oner" that she is amply sufficient. What she gets through would be trying to the most seasoned "salt," and, considering that she is a delicate young lady taking a sea voyage for her health, she may well claim to be the champion heroine of a marine story. It is upon her, of course, that the dramatic interest is concentrated; but we have the choice of two heroes—one of them, strange to say, a landsman—either of whom should satisfy the greatest stickler for fidelity and courage. One of the situations in which "Heart of Oak" finds herself placed is in a ship which the crew have deserted, and her only companions are the captain (half out of his mind) and his wife, her devoted friend. The vessel is dismantled, a mere hulk, and is being hurried through storm and snow to the regions of perpetual ice. Her two companions leave her in the cabin, to fasten a ship's lantern to the bowsprit, in the feeble hope that its light may attract some passing whaler; and they do not return. Presently she can bear it no longer, and ventures out on the "jumping slippery hulk"—

I did not expect to hear their footsteps through the frozen snow; but why did they not come? . . . I looked along the deck, but beheld nothing moving.

I tried to reason with my terrors by supposing that the captain had again gone below to shovel up more coal, and that his wife waited in the fore-castle to help him. But whilst I looked and strained my ears I heard a moan; again and yet again it came; I could not be mistaken. I went forward and heard the moaning whilst I advanced, and when I was close to the galley I saw a figure on the fore-castle and heard the moan again. I stepped close, my heart almost stopped, my blood almost frozen. The white of the deck made a light of its own, as I have told you, and I saw Mrs. Burke lying on her side. She lay close to the fluke of an anchor that was stowed upon the fore-castle on the starboard or right-hand side. She moaned and continued to moan; I dropped on my knees, and grasping her hand, cried, with my face close to hers, to see if her eyes were open, for her moaning was that of a dying person: "It is I. What has happened? Are you ill? Where's your husband?" She answered feebly, moaning at every other word: "He has fallen overboard. He went on to the bowsprit with a lantern and slipped."

Mrs. Burke had slipped also and broken her leg, and in a few minutes dies. Then the young lady is left all alone, with the thermometer at a very low figure—a pretty situation for an invalid trying sea air by the advice of her physician. The art of the writer is such, however, that the strong measures he takes with his heroine stimulate curiosity without incurring incredulity. We feel that she is safe in his practised hands, and our feelings are sympathetically excited without being harassed. The lover, of course, goes in search of her. (One wonders, by-the-by, whether, when a ship is "missing," expeditions—except in the Arctic seas—are ever fitted out to find her?) Mr. Russell has adopted, I think for the first time, on this occasion, Wilkie Collins's plan of telling his story by different witnesses, as in a court of law, and the result is successful.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

RUNNING A CARGO OF SLAVES.

The recent discussion as to the continued traffic in slaves off the east coast of Africa makes our Illustration timely. The necessity for action on the part of the British Government is admitted, in order that such incidents as our Artist depicts should cease. He shows a cargo of captured slaves on their compulsory voyage from Sadanni to Pemba Island. It is to be hoped that the Government will by its firmness put an end to all such traffic in British territory.

ENTHRONEMENT OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The ceremony performed in Winchester Cathedral on Tuesday, Oct. 15, when the new Bishop of Winchester, the Right Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., translated from the see of Rochester, was enthroned with due

St. George's Club, Sir Arthur Otway, and Admiral Sir Henry Chads were also represented by wreaths. Perhaps another year there will be a little more organisation to commemorate a date so notable in our national history.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "VICTORIOUS."

The Lords of the Admiralty visited Chatham Dockyard on Oct. 19 for the launch of H.M.S. *Victorious*, the third of a new class of first-rate battle-ships, to which the *Majestic* and the *Magnificent* belong. She is 390 ft. long between perpendiculars, 420 ft. over all, 75 ft. broad, and draws 27 ft. 6 in., her displacement of water being 15,000 tons. The quantity of steel in her hull is 4860 tons; the hard faced armour, supplied by Messrs. Cammell, of Sheffield, 2875 tons; and protective steel plating, 1250 tons. The central citadel has armour which is, in front, 14 in. thick, also the barbettes and fore conning tower, and the deck is protected by plating. She will steam $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, and will carry four 46-ton guns, twelve six-inch quick-

startling: her success, unheralded by "paragraphs," was like the stage triumphs recorded in novels. Little less should be said of the début of Miss Lillian Tree, who sang the cruel music of Brunnhilde with force and fire, and battled successfully with the weighty orchestra, in his handling of which Mr. Henschel showed himself a very valuable conductor. It would be unfair to pass in silence Mr. Hedmond's excellent performance as Siegmund—a performance as noteworthy in acting as singing—or to ignore Miss Olitzka, a very good Fricka, and Mr. Bevan, a capital Hundig. Londoners ought to feel grateful for the chance of seeing such a noble work admirably executed, and of seeing it at such moderate prices.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES SHOW.

Mechanical locomotive carriages—that is a term less rude and harsh if the claims of the noble equine race to human esteem and gratitude may be considered; but "horseless carriages," which might include the baby's perambulator,



ENTHRONEMENT OF DR. RANDALL DAVIDSON, THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER: PROCESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE TO THE CATHEDRAL.

Photograph by A. G. Rider, Winchester.

ecclesiastical pomp, affords the subject of one of our Illustrations. There was a procession to conduct the Bishop from the Church of St. Lawrence into the Cathedral, formed by the Dean and Canons, with the Minor Canons, the choir, and the vergers; the Governors, Warden, Head Master, Master, and senior scholars of Winchester College; the Mayor and Corporation of the city of Winchester; the Bishop of Dover, acting as Archdeacon of Canterbury, and the clergy of the diocese. After the ceremony and the special religious service, the Bishop, from the altar steps, delivered a brief address to the congregation. The Mayor of Winchester entertained the Bishops and clergy at luncheon at the Town Hall.

TRAFALGAR DAY.

The growing tendency to celebrate anniversaries has at last reached the historic event linked immortally with the name of Nelson. Ninety years have passed since the great decisive Battle of Trafalgar, fought on Oct. 21, 1805; and the monument erected in "the finest square in Europe" to the memory of Nelson was accordingly decorated with a variety of floral tributes. An anchor of white flowers, with a cable of scarlet geraniums, came from H.M.S. *Excellent*; the Navy League sent a fine wreath of laurels; the

firing, some thirty smaller guns, and torpedoes. The ceremony of launching was performed by Mrs. Goschen, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"DIE WALKÜRE" IN ENGLISH.

When Richard Wagner last was in London no one would have been so rash as to predict that during this century "Die Walküre" would be presented with immense success in English at Covent Garden during the off season. Yet the wonderful work promises to be the mainstay of the present interesting and popular season. Wonder is increased by the fact that the company includes no name to conjure with. However, it contains certainly one, probably two, possibly four, artists on the high road to fame. So admirable was Mr. David Bispham's use of his magnificent voice, so excellent his acting, that the part of Wotan, for perhaps the first time on record, became really attractive, and few who were present will ever forget the last scene of the eventful music drama. Nevertheless, it is Miss Susan Strong who had the greatest triumph—not that she is at present such an artist as Mr. Bispham—but the effect upon a house ignorant even of her name of the handsome young woman who acted with passion, intelligence, and sang admirably the trying music of Sieglinde, was quite

is the term of the official programme—were exhibited on the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Show Ground under the direction of the Mayor, Sir David Salomons, on Tuesday, Oct. 15. Steam, petroleum, or mineral naphtha, electricity, and gas are the chief artificial sources of locomotive power, by which the aid of that noble, docile, and most useful animal, man's servant and companion through all periods of history, may be dispensed with if the age of chivalry has reached its termination. The most recent phase of this modern innovation is the series of attempts to render such locomotive vehicles available for running upon common roads in direct competition with carriages drawn by horses. It will probably soon be found that the mechanical problem has been completely solved; then comes the utilitarian computation of cost and convenience. At the Tunbridge Wells exhibition there were no electric carriages, but those propelled by the Daimler petroleum engine, and the petroleum motor with electric spark ignition, contrived by Count de Dion and M. Bouton, won general applause for the French inventors. The Hon. Evelyn Ellis and several other gentlemen contributed to the success of this interesting exhibition; and the local volunteer fire brigade, commanded by Captain Tinné, worked a small fire-engine built by Messrs. Panhard and Levassor, of Paris, in very effective style.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

A VISIT TO THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

FOURTH LETTER.

Coolgardie, August 1895.

I always consider that it is a good plan if it can be managed to arrive in a new place after dark—more especially if at the end of a long journey, for then one gets one's first and best impressions in the early morning after a good night's rest and with one's brain clear and refreshed. Although I had been prepared to find a decent hotel to put up at, from all I had heard of the wonderful strides Coolgardie has made during the past six months, still I must confess that the large, well-built Victoria Hotel, where we soon found ourselves, more than realised what I had anticipated.

We were up betimes next morning, both of us anxious to have a look at the famous township; nor was this first glimpse a disappointing one—for if the streets looked animated on the previous evening, in the early morning, in the cheerful sunlight, they appeared doubly so: on all sides were evidences of a bustle and hurry which proved that the Coolgardians were not here for pleasure but business. The main street, which is called after the lucky finder of the first gold in the neighbourhood—Bayley—is an immensely wide thoroughfare, and when the shops and stores on either side, which are at present constructed of corrugated iron, are rebuilt in brick and stone, as they undoubtedly will be some day, it will present a very imposing appearance.

Although lodgings are, as a rule, dear, actual living is not so expensive as might be imagined, and "tuck," as food is here expressively denominated, is to be obtained at various boarding-houses and eating-shops at extremely low prices, considering that fresh meat and vegetables were until quite recently unknown quantities up here. Of course, up to the present the bulk of the population, consisting as it does of miners or mining labourers and small prospectors, has been a floating one, being, as it were, here to-day and off to-morrow, according to the demand for labour in the neighbouring mines, and the returns of the alluvial fields round the town; so it has often happened that when there was a sudden rumour of a "big find" anywhere in the various "fields," the exodus was so great as almost to empty the place for a time. With, however, the gradual development of the different mining districts, and the leasing (and therefore closing up) of most of the hitherto open grounds, the population is slowly settling down, and in a short time these birds of passage will probably have flitted for good and all, and left the place to develop quietly and steadily.

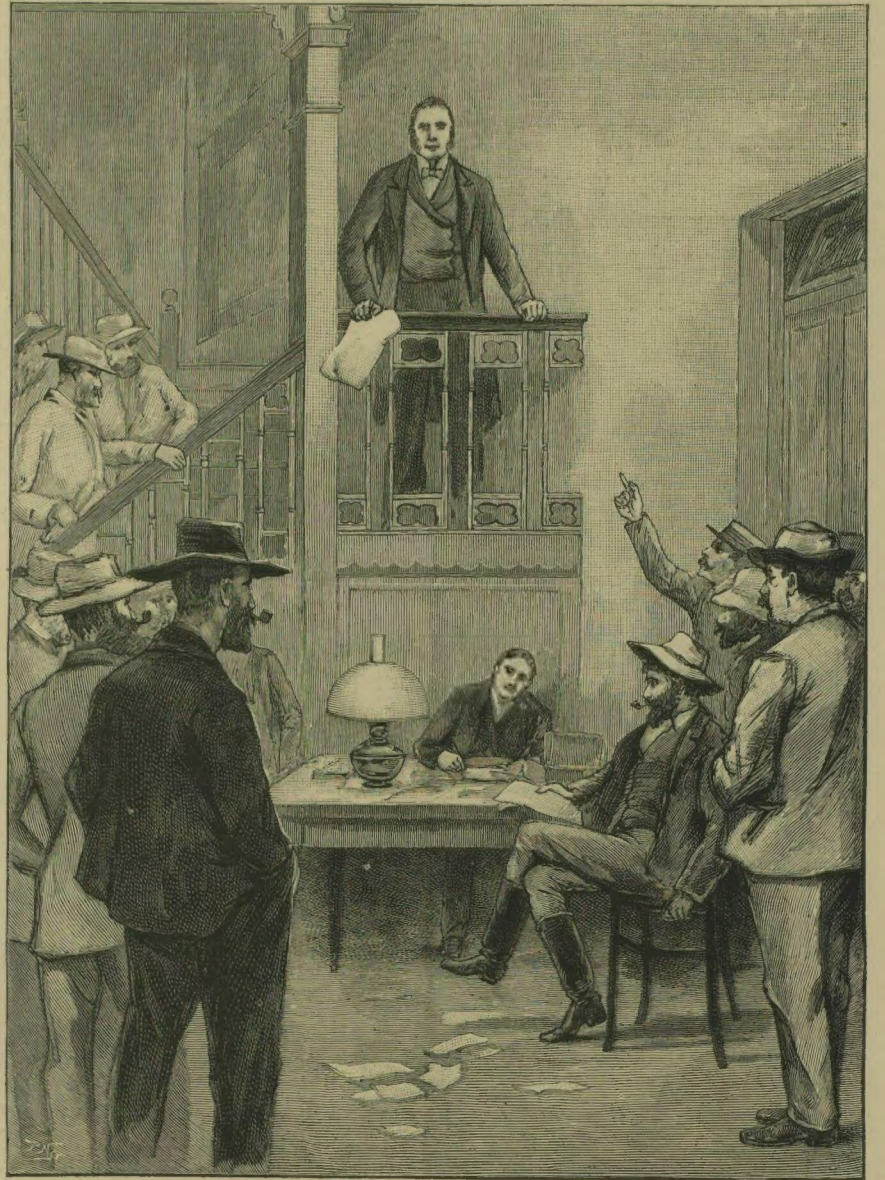
Of course, what naturally attracts one first after a cursory look round the town is the big mining district within a few hundred yards of the main street. The nearest mine is that called after its finder, Bayley, and is situated in the plot of ground which, in accordance with a custom in these parts, is always given by the Government as a sort of bonus to the lucky discoverer of the first lode of the precious metal in a new district. These "reward claims" are quite a feature in all the various mining areas round here, and in many cases have quite an element of romance attaching to them in consequence of the extraordinary and unexpected manner of their discovery. The sensational find of what is known as "Bayley's Mine" led to the foundation of Coolgardie—for within four weeks of his "pegging out" his claim, six men, working with the roughest tools, raised no less than 2500 oz. of gold, worth £10,000. The "rush" which at once resulted almost emptied the modest "field" at Southern Cross, and a township soon followed as a matter of necessity. The lack of water during the ensuing summer months drove many of the diggers back again, but several managed somehow to exist through the hot season, and were highly successful, though not to the extent of Bayley, whose find proved to be one of the richest ever made in Australia, and has made quite an historic record among the mining annals of the world. Curiously enough, until comparatively recently this portion of the Australian continent was considered to be absolutely without mineral deposits of any

value, only a few small finds of copper and lead having been previously made.

I do not propose to give an account of the geological conditions under which gold is found in this part of Australia, nor to detail the many processes by which it is extracted from its quartz or alluvial surroundings, for to give even the slightest *résumé* of the technicalities of these intricate branches of the mining engineer's profession would require far more space than is at present at my disposal—forming as they do a complete study in themselves—the practice of which being, to a great extent based upon the conditions of the country operated on. Round about Coolgardie all sorts and conditions of mining are to be seen, from the "dry-blower," with his rough, primitive method of "winnowing," as it were, the alluvial ground, to the big mine run by a rich English syndicate, with its steam power and many heads of batteries; while here and there may also be seen little groups of "chums" sinking prospecting shafts, which, if they are lucky, they may one day be able to sell to the representative of some big English financiers, for there are many always waiting about Coolgardie and the various other promising fields on the off-chance of "picking up something good." As, of course, in most instances the prospecting might have to be continued for many long and weary months without the smallest paying results, many of these small groups of "chums" "divide up," so I learnt; and while some of the party continue working on at their shaft the others get work on some neighbouring mine, if possible, and send half their wages to keep their friends going and to continue developing the claim. Considering that good, experienced miners can raise as much as £3 10s. per week, it is possible by such a fraternal arrangement easily to keep a "camp" together, for the actual cost of prospecting is not much—after the initial outlay for tools, etc.—and living in the bush is cheap. That all, however, is not gold that glitters, even at Coolgardie, one is not long in realising very forcibly; the shortest stroll among the smaller fry of workers being sufficient to convince one that even when gold is plentifully distributed over the country, every gold-miner is not necessarily a favourite of fortune, and that many of these patient, plodding workers are often in the most straitened circumstances. I chatted with many of these men, most of whom seemed pleased at the chance of a little relaxation, for they don't get many visitors, and learnt that unless exceptionally lucky an average of about eighteen shillings to twenty-five shillings per week was the very most they made, or rather found—and this at the price of continuous work from sunrise to sunset.

It is scarcely possible to give any adequate idea of the state of feverish excitement to which the news of a "new find" arouses the small prospectors and diggers. Scarcely waiting even to verify the information, and in many cases without taking the trouble to ascertain the exact

whereabouts of the new field, off they go as best they can, no matter what the distance—some in carts with their goods and chattels, others on horseback or on bicycles, more often than not on foot, "lumping their swag," as it is termed, till the road presents the appearance of a general exodus of the whole population. Most extraordinary tales are told of the enormous distances thus



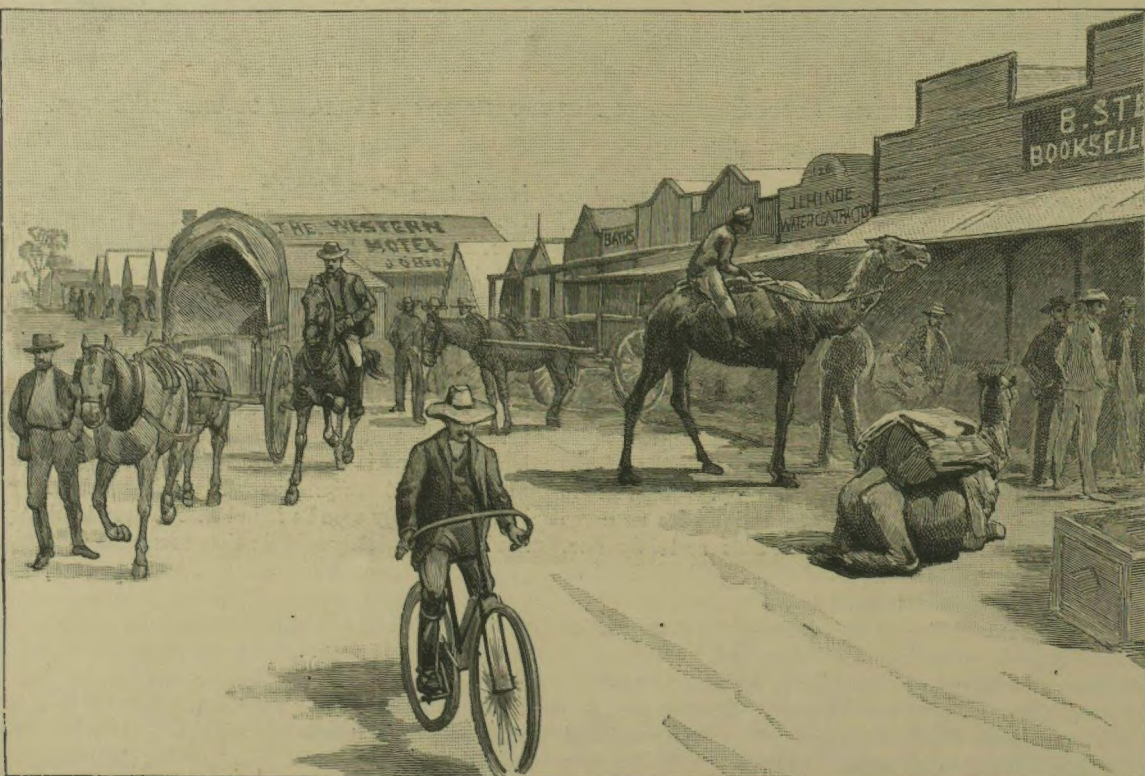
COOLGARDIE STOCK EXCHANGE: EVENING OPEN CALL.

covered—in the generality of cases only to end in disappointment, for hoaxes of this cruel sort have been not infrequently played on the simple diggers. While we were in Coolgardie, a man returned from one of these "rushes." He had done over a thousand miles on his bicycle through unexplored bush down as far as Israelite Bay and back, without so much as hearing of the reported "big alluvial find" again after leaving the town. The appearance he presented was most pitiable, as he was completely in rags, and bore eloquent testimony to the hardships he had gone through, though, strangely enough, his bicycle was comparatively uninjured. I heard that on one occasion he had been three days without food.

Bicycle-riding on the fields has attained such proportions that a service of express riders has been organised to carry letters and telegrams to outlying stations in the most distant and inaccessible parts of the country. These messengers, who are necessarily splendid riders and men of excellent stamina, cover the longest distances in wonderful time, and make quite good incomes by this means, the average charge for each letter or telegram being as much as five pounds within a radius of about a hundred and fifty miles, while it is considerably more for greater distances.

One of the principal features of Coolgardie, and one which struck me as being quite unique, is the evening "open call" Stock Exchange, which is held in the hall of the large building just erected by the Town Properties of Western Australia Company. I walked in by chance after dinner one evening without knowing what was going on, and was much surprised when I learnt that the rough, unkempt crowd of men I saw round me, most of whom did not look worth a shilling, were engaged in buying or selling shares in the various mines of the district; and that in this manner the market price of the stocks was to a great extent made, though the official Stock Exchange does not recognise this sort of *petite Bourse*.

Coolgardie is not well off for amusements: a rough sort of hall is occasionally used for musical entertainments, and there are one or two fairly good clubs; but after dark the resources for helping one to while away the time are as yet not numerous, considering what a lot of money there is to spend among the crowd in town after working hours, so the drinking saloons and billiard-rooms are doing a roaring trade. That serious drawback to this part of the colony—want of water—has naturally been felt greatly here; and sanitation has been up till quite recently *non est* in the township, with the result that a malignant form of colonial fever was very prevalent during the hot months of last summer. The establishment of Government water-condensers and the recent election of a Mayor and an energetic municipal board promises, however, soon to alter this unhealthy state of affairs in the town itself, though it will probably be many years before the outlying camps, where pure water is almost unobtainable, will be entirely free from the annual visitation.



BAYLEY STREET, COOLGARDIE.



RUNNING A CARGO OF SLAVES FROM SADANNI TO PEMBA ISLAND.

PERSONAL.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, whose elevation to the Peerage is one of the most signal honours conferred

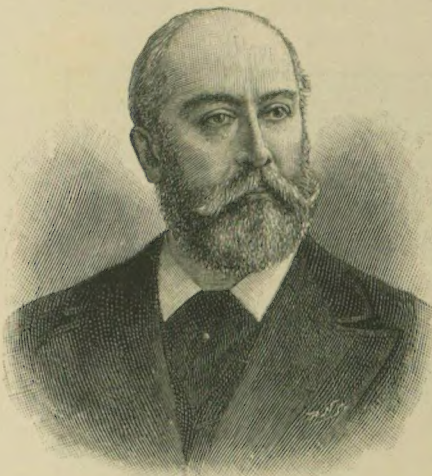


Photo Watery, Regent Street.
SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.
Raised to the Peerage.

He has represented South Kensington in the House of Commons since 1885, and he is the sole proprietor of the *Morning Post*.

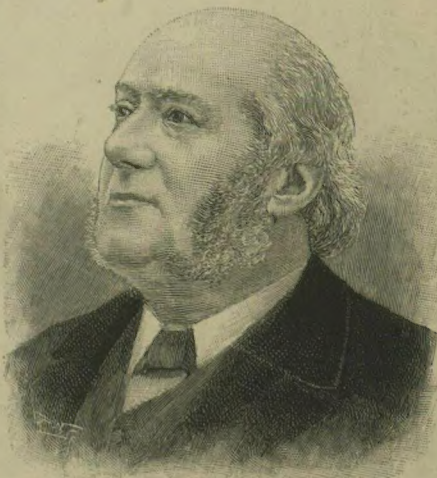
An interchange of compliments between Prince Nicholas of Montenegro and Mr. Gladstone has given a romantic interest to foreign affairs. Interviewed by Mr. Henry Norman, the Special Commissioner of the *Daily Chronicle*, Prince Nicholas said Mr. Gladstone's name was revered by every Montenegrin shepherd. "Wherever the glance of Gladstone has fallen freedom has sprung from the ground." To this tribute Mr. Gladstone replied by declaring that the heroism of the Montenegrins surpassed Marathon and Thermopylae, and "all the war traditions of the world." This has caused some grumbling in this island, where we think a good deal of our war traditions; and the Greeks, who have also been protégés of Mr. Gladstone's, are not likely to be pleased.

What is the Monroe doctrine? Some excited publicists in New York tell us that the Monroe doctrine is violated by the demands of the British Government on the Republic of Venezuela, and it is asserted that no European Power has any right in any circumstances to meddle with any State in South America. The Monroe doctrine was promulgated in 1823 by President Monroe, who said the United States could not allow the annexation of territory on the American continent by any European Government. But it is contended on our side that the British Government is simply claiming territory which was said to belong to British Guiana seven years before Mr. Monroe laid down his famous principle. The Monroe doctrine, however, was never adopted by Congress, or recognised by international law. Moreover, it cannot be held to justify the conduct of Venezuela in forcibly seizing British officials.

Both the native and European press of Bombay give expression to what appears to be the general opinion that the Governor-General has made an excellent choice in the Hon. Mr. Justice Jardine for the vacant Vice-Chancellorship of the University. "No one who knows anything about the qualifications of the new Vice-Chancellor," says the *Times of India*, "needs to be told that he is in all respects well fitted for the duties associated with so honourable and responsible a part in the government of the University. He has already served it, and for many years, as Syndic, as Dean of the Faculties of Arts and Laws; and it is certain that he will give a whole-hearted attention to the promotion of the University's welfare, and will devote himself to the work with a better knowledge of the problems of academic government than any other member of the University could lay claim to. For the man who, in the waste place of Burmah, was able to rear so valuable an educational fabric as the Board of Education of that province has some claim to be a practical as well as a learned man."

Mr. Henry Reeve has died at the advanced age of eighty-two, and the *Edinburgh Review* is once more without an editor.

Mr. Reeve succeeded the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in the editorship of the great quarterly in 1855, and he carried on the tradition of Jeffrey with a acknowledged success. A master of French and German, he published a considerable number of translations, including De Tocqueville's



THE LATE MR. HENRY REEVE.

"Democracy," but his chief literary achievement was the editing of Charles Greville's "Journal." This was a task of unexampled delicacy, for Greville wrote about his contemporaries without the least reserve, and was particularly candid in his criticisms of the illustrious personages with whom, in his capacity of Clerk of the Privy Council, he was brought into close contact. It was understood at the time that Mr. Reeve deferred to the judgment of the Queen several important points

connected with the publication of the "Journal"; but it was also said that the work excited a by no means favourable interest at the Court. It remains, however, one of the most important contributions to our social and political history. Mr. Reeve held the post of Registrar to the Privy Council till 1887. He was on terms of close intimacy with some of the most eminent men of letters in France, and one of his last visits abroad was paid to the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly. In the domain of foreign politics he had a wide experience, much appreciated by more than one of our statesmen.

Mr. Benjamin Ryan Tillman, the ex-Governor of South Carolina, whose recent efforts to minimise the voting power of the negroes of that State have been so vehemently denounced, is a handsome and energetic man, with character and determination written in every feature. He is blind of one eye, owing to a severe illness, which also prevented him from fighting in the War of Secession. He is by trade a farmer, and has always been a doughty champion of white supremacy, notably in the troubled days of "reconstruction" and the conflicts between the whites and the blacks at Hamburg and Ellenton. Mr. Tillman did yeoman service in 1876, when Wade Hampton was elected Governor; but he was still absorbed in studying the causes of America's agricultural depression. In 1885 he communicated the result of his researches, and he formulated a scheme for removing the state of things he deplored. This earned for him the contemptuous nickname of "Agricultural Moses." But the man in the street heard him gladly, and he became the leader of a great popular movement, "The Farmers' Alliance," and was also instrumental in founding the Clemson Agricultural College at Fort Hill, and in 1890 Mr. Tillman was elected Governor, largely by negro votes. He has always been a strong opponent of lynching, and during his Governorship in 1893 the Dispensary Liquor Law came into operation. All drinking shops were closed, and liquor was supplied from a few "dispensaries," conducted by State salaried officers; but illegal liquor shops were opened, and fatal collisions ensued between the police and the public. Mr. Tillman ordered out the militia; but they refused to obey him, whereupon, nothing daunted, he seized all the railways and telegraphs in the State, applied to Washington for assistance in enforcing the law, and nipped the revolt in the bud.

A true son of Oxford was the Venerable Edwin Palmer, who died on Oct. 17, aged seventy-one. The fourth son

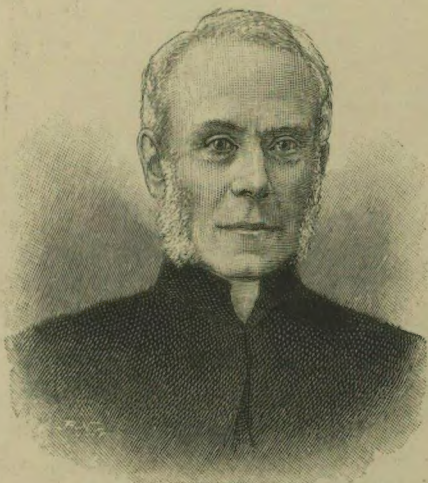


Photo Hills and Saunders, Oxford.
THE LATE ARCHDEACON PALMER.

and other distinctions. He was elected a Fellow of Balliol, and was for ten years its Classical Lecturer. In 1870 he succeeded Conington as Corpus Professor of Latin. It was, indeed, his profound knowledge of Greek and Latin that led to his selection as a member of the New Testament Revision Committee. In 1878 he was appointed Archdeacon of Oxford, a position he filled with dignity and ability. Henceforward he lived at Christ Church, of which he was a canon, and it was there that he passed away. The Archdeacon married Miss Riddell in 1867, and leaves a son who is Fellow and Tutor of Balliol.

Mr. John W. Mackay, heir of Mr. Mackay the Californian millionaire, met his death near Paris in a very sad way. He was playing polo and riding a very restive pony. The animal suddenly bolted into a thicket, and Mr. Mackay came into violent contact with a tree. His eyes were crushed into his head, and he died in a few hours. The pony dashed against another tree, and was killed on the spot. Mr. Mackay was only five-and-twenty.

M. Catargi, the Conservative Premier of Roumania, has at last had to resign. He took office as Minister of the Interior in General Floresco's Cabinet in March 1891, and in the following December had for a colleague M. Stourdza, who has just now succeeded him as Premier. However, a fortnight later M. Stourdza and two others resigned, and the Cabinet was reconstructed with M. Catargi as Premier, with a policy of adhesion to the Triple Alliance. The subsequent elections gave M. Catargi an enormous majority, thanks to the fusion he effected between the Old Conservatives and the Junimists or Young Conservatives. The Junimist policy is one of agrarian reform in the direction of peasant proprietorship and of financial and judicial reform. Much useful legislation has been passed by the retiring Ministry.

M. Stourdza now takes office in order to carry on the necessary business until the forthcoming elections. The Minister owes his position partly, no doubt, to the fact that he enjoys the personal friendship and confidence of King Charles. He has had a German education and training, and his son is now a pupil at the Berlin Military Academy. M. Stourdza has written two tolerably well-known books, "Roumania and the Treaty of San Stefano" and "The Progress of Russia on the Danube," in both of which he exhibited Austrian sympathies. At one time, when he was in opposition, M. Stourdza displayed leanings towards Russia. The great Roumanian statesman, M. Bratiano, had a very

high opinion of M. Stourdza, under whose guidance, if the forthcoming elections should confirm his tenure of power, Roumania will no doubt advance greatly in prosperity and influence.

A nobleman who has hitherto been content to do useful though unobtrusive work has been chosen to succeed Sir J. West Ridgeway as Governor of the Isle of Man. The Right Hon. John Major Henniker-Major, fifth Lord Henniker, is fifty-three years old. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and had four years' experience of the House of Commons as Conservative member for East Suffolk prior to succeeding his father in 1870 in the Peerage. Lord Henniker has held the office of a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen for some time. In county work he has displayed a keen interest, filling the position of Chairman of Quarter Sessions and also of the East Suffolk County Council with decided ability. He married Lady Alice Mary, the only daughter of the third Earl of Desart, but she died in 1893. Lord Henniker's eldest son (for whom the Prince of Wales stood sponsor) is private secretary to the Earl of Kintore, Governor of South Australia.



Photo Watery, Regent Street.
LORD HENNIKER.
New Governor of the Isle of Man.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky is to be invited to represent Dublin University in the House of Commons, in the room of Mr. David Plunket. The position might have some attraction for Mr. Lecky's sympathies. He is the chief historian of Ireland; he is one of the most conspicuous representatives of Irish culture. On the other hand, the House of Commons is a dreary place for historians. Mr. John Morley must be glad to be out of it for a while. Mr. Justin McCarthy is quite crushed by it. What interest can Mr. Lecky take in the average debate on average affairs? He will wish himself back in his study, and out of the company of politicians who, for the most part, care nothing about books, and have never read his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century."

Is King Prembi a bloodthirsty tyrant or a much abused man? He is charged with carrying on the Ashantee practice of human sacrifices at Coomassie. He has indignantly denied this through an English solicitor, but Sir Francis Scott, Inspector of the British Forces on the Gold Coast, says the charge is sustained by overwhelming evidence, and that there can be no peace on the Gold Coast unless King Prembi will accept a British Protectorate. If he should refuse, then we may have another march to Coomassie. Sir Garnet Wolseley won some laurels there more than twenty years ago; now will be the chance for some other General.

The House of Commons loses one of its most popular members by the elevation of the Right Hon. David R.

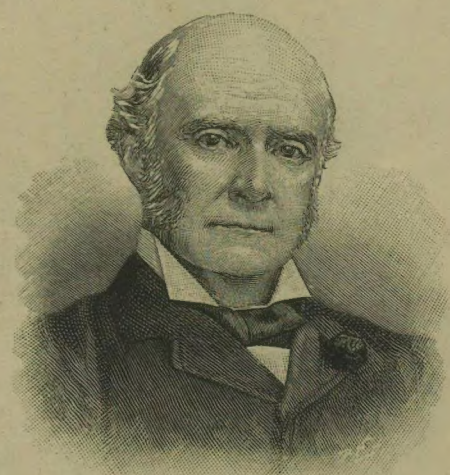


Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE RIGHT HON. DAVID R. PLUNKET, Q.C., M.P.
Raised to the Peerage.

Plunket to the Peerage. Possessed of an oratorical power never too freely exhibited, Mr. Plunket is a fine type of the eloquent Irishman. Twenty-three out of the fifty-seven years of his life have been spent in Parliament as one of the Conservative members for Dublin University. Twice Mr. Plunket has been First Commissioner of Works, and has enlivened the Estimates debates with many a felicitous jest. He is a railway director and a trustee with enormous investments standing in his name. All through his career he has made friends, who have the utmost confidence in his perspicacity.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, is at Balmoral, and almost daily goes out for drives or visits in the neighbourhood. On Monday her Majesty and the Princess, in spite of a snow-storm, went in an open carriage to take tea with Lord and Lady Clanwilliam.

The Prince of Wales, on leaving Newby Hall, the seat of Mr. Vyner, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on Saturday, visited Ripon Cathedral, where he was met by the Bishop, and by the Mayor and Corporation of that town. His Royal Highness went to Sandringham. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, left Copenhagen on Thursday, Oct. 24, on their return home.

The Duke of Cambridge, on his retirement from the office of Commander-in-Chief, is to receive an address in a gold box from the Corporation of the City of London. His Royal Highness will also be entertained at a grand banquet at the United Service Club, at which the Prince of Wales and other Princes, with many persons of high rank and the most distinguished officers of the Army, will be present.

The Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, with the residence of Walmer Castle, Deal, has been conferred upon the Marquis of Salisbury, having been resigned by the Marquis of Dufferin.

Lord Rosebery, on Friday, Oct. 18, made two speeches at Scarborough, first at the opening of a new Liberal Club, and secondly at a large meeting at which Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., was in the chair; the late Premier descended somewhat upon the result of the last General Election and the prospects of parties. Mr. Leonard Courtney, on the same day, delivered a Unionist speech at Liskeard. Mr. Gerald Balfour has addressed his constituents at Leeds, and Mr. Asquith spoke at the opening of a new Town Hall at Morley, in Yorkshire.

The German Emperor and Empress have returned from their visit to the imperial provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, having, on Friday, Oct. 18, the birthday of the late Emperor Frederick, unveiled the monument erected to his honour on the battlefield of Wörth, the scene of his victory over the French on Aug. 2, 1870. It is an equestrian statue with a pedestal of rocks, having the front decorated with an eagle and the combined arms of the two provinces; the figures of two German soldiers, their hands clasped together, representing the North and South German armies, stand before it; the sculptor is Herr Baumbach, of Berlin. The Empress Frederick was present at the ceremony of Friday, after which their Majesties went to Strasburg with Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, the Imperial Chancellor, and the Governor of Alsace and Lorraine. They were cordially received by the inhabitants of that city as well as of Metz. At Courcelles, in Lorraine, the Emperor and Empress attended the opening of a new Protestant church.

Another imposing ceremonial took place at Berlin on Monday similar to that of the consecration of the Memorial Church built in honour of the Emperor William I. There is also a Memorial Church erected in honour of his son, the Emperor Frederick, the consecration of which was attended by the Emperor William II., the Empress, and the other members of the royal family. They afterwards took part in the unveiling, on the Opern-Platz, of the marble statue of the Empress Augusta, wife of the Emperor William I.

The King of Portugal has foregone his intention of visiting Italy. Dom Carlos at first proposed to visit his uncle, the King of Italy, at Monza, near Milan, where King Humbert is at present. The Italian Government then advised the Portuguese King that he could be received in state only at Rome. Hereupon the Pope, through his Cardinal Secretary, intimated that the visit of Dom Carlos to the King of Italy at Rome would be felt as a personal affront to his Holiness. The Portuguese Government feared that such an occurrence, marked possibly by the withdrawal of the Pope's nuncio from Lisbon, or by a solemn protest, would excite perilous agitation in Portugal. The King has therefore decided not to go to Italy at all. This determination has been announced to the Italian Government, which has replied, expressing its regret that Portugal should be placed in such an embarrassing position, with a friendly wish that Portugal may "recover the independence of her policy."

The Sultan of Turkey on Oct. 17 issued an imperial decree, called an *Irade*, complying with the demands of the British, French, and Russian Embassies, "to introduce reforms into all the provinces of the Empire, first of all into the provinces of Anatolia"; but this is without any special mention of the Armenians. These reforms are to

comprise the improvement of the administrative and the judicial services, and the reorganisation of the gendarmerie and police force, with a promise of equal justice to Christians and Moslems. The work is to be entrusted to an Imperial High Commissioner, Chakir Pasha, with an executive Deputy Commissioner, Feti Bey, whose nomination is approved by the three Ambassadors, and who is a Christian; the Dragomans of the Embassies are to have the privilege of making representations to the Commissioners.

Sultan's promised reforms will be enacted simply by a "Firman" or will be embodied in a "Hatt," which implies a convention with the foreign Powers. Sir Philip Currie has obtained leave of absence from his post, and is coming to England.

The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies resumed their session on Tuesday, Oct. 22, with a prospect of strenuous debates on the Madagascar expedition, the position of France in China, and the condition of the French Navy.

The trial of M. Magnier, a member of the French Senate, formerly managing proprietor of the *Evénement* newspaper, for having accepted bribes from Baron Reinach to support a railway project in the Council-General of the Var, has resulted in his conviction and a sentence of one year's imprisonment.

News from Madagascar to Oct. 13 states that the Hova Queen has called upon all the people who had fled from Antananarivo to return to that city. The greater part of the French troops would probably be sent home with General Metzinger in December; but General Duchesne would stay, with the brigade of General Voyron, and the capital would be garrisoned by the Houssa or West African battalion. Antananarivo has now free communications with Mojanga and Tamatave.

The Japanese occupation of Korea is attended with great disorders. A riotous conflict between the guards of the King's palace at Seoul and some agents of a native political faction has occasioned the death of the Queen, who is said to have been killed by Japanese in her own chamber, with two of her ladies, apparently during an attempt made by her own party to effect her liberation by forcible means. It is expected that Russia will demand the withdrawal of the Japanese from Korea.

The dispute between our Government and that of the South American Republic of Venezuela has reached an acute stage, with a peremptory summons to yield immediate satisfaction. There was a long-standing controversy about the western boundary of British Guiana, in a wild backwoods region, said to contain gold. In January last the Venezuelans attacked and captured a British Guiana police-station at the confluence of the Cuyuni and Yurua rivers, treating the policemen roughly. There are no diplomatic relations with Venezuela.

MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL KORNILOFF.

In memory of one of the heroes of the Siege of Sebastopol a bronze statue of Vice-Admiral Korniloff has recently been erected by the Russian Government near the spot where the gallant officer died, on Oct. 5, 1854. The monument, which was sculptured by Schroeder, shows Korniloff in the act of shouting to his men "Defend Sebastopol!" To the left of the Admiral stands Quartermaster Koschka, holding a cannon-ball in his hands.

THE COMING ASHANTEE EXPEDITION.

It is twenty-three years now since the military expedition commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley made its way from Cape Coast Castle to the interior, crossing the river Prah and plunging into the tropical forest beyond, to attack King Kofi Kalkalli, the monarch of what was then a considerable Ashantee empire. The town of Coomassie, his capital, was abandoned in haste at the approach of the British force, in January 1873, and the triumph of Queen Victoria's arms was signalled by setting it on fire and leaving it to destruction. Kofi Kalkalli was soon afterwards compelled to sue for peace, and to submit to a pecuniary penalty for his depredations and repeated invasions of the Fanti country, which lay within the British Protectorate. The Ashantee kingdom has been reduced by the secession of several tributary chiefs to much smaller dimensions. Its present ruler, King Kwaku Dua or Prembi, however, who is a young man of twenty-two years, has shown a disagreeable attitude of defiance, and has refused to admit a British Resident at Coomassie, which was proposed in 1888. The Governor, of the Gold Coast recently sent him an ultimatum on

behalf of her Majesty's Government by the hands of two officers, Captain Cramer and Captain Irvine, whose journey up the country with an escort of Houssas or native West Africans, is the subject of our illustration. A month was granted for King Prembi to accept the terms which were proposed to him after the discussions protracted during five years past. It is not unlikely that another military expedition may be needful in the next few months to bring the Ashantee ruler effectually under British control.



MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL KORNILOFF, UNVEILED AT SEBASTOPOL, OCT. 5.

The foreign Ambassadors, and the Armenian Patriarch likewise, have acknowledged these concessions, obtained through the efforts of the new Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, and of Said Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, deserves much praise for his exertions, and Lord Salisbury may be congratulated upon their immediate success.

A particular statement of the proposed reforms "in certain Asiatic provinces" has been officially published. They provide for the improved administration of the communal districts, the inspection of prisons by judicial authority, the formation of a regular force of police and gendarmerie, mixed according to the population, and of a rural police; the protection thereby of the peasantry when they go to their mountain pastures, the settlement of the nomadic tribes on lands to be granted by Government, the abolition of the *corvée* or forced labour system, the collection of tithes and taxes by persons elected by the inhabitants, with the Mukhtars, and with the sale or leasing of



BRITISH EXPEDITION TO COOMASSIE: HOUSSAS, UNDER CAPTAIN CRAMER AND CAPTAIN IRVINE, CONVEYING THE ULTIMATUM TO THE ASHANTEES.

the tithes held separately in each village; while it is forbidden to sell the land or cattle needful for the subsistence of persons imprisoned for private or public debt. Four officials are to be sent yearly from Constantinople to inquire into any abuses in the administration. A commission to examine and verify all titles to property will be set to work in each province and district. It is rumoured that Shakir Pasha, the Imperial Commissioner for Armenia, has been recalled to Constantinople. Diplomats there are said to be uncertain whether the



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS" AT CHATHAM.



BY W. D. HOWELLS.

VII.

Althea clutched Lorenzo nervously by the coat-sleeve in the twilight of the parlour and whispered: "Oh, Lorenzo, do you think we'd better?"

"Yee, I do, Althea. It would be redic'lous to back out now. We've got to do it."

"Yee, I presume we have. But not—not unless you wish it as much as ever you did."

"I do, full as much. Don't you, Althea?"

"Oh, yee—yee. Will it take—very long?"

"How should I know, Althea!"

"That is so; but I hope it won't take long. I can't seem to—get my—breath."

"Now, Althea—"

"There! there he is! I shall *behave*, Lorenzo. But don't you—don't you *try* to deny anything if he asks you!"

"No, I won't, Althea."

The minister came in again, and Althea saw that he had a different coat on and a book in his hand. He sat down and faced them, gravely smiling, and pushed softly backward and forward in the rocking-chair he had taken. After waiting for them to speak, he asked, "Is there something I can do for you?"

He looked at Lorenzo, who glanced in turn at Althea. She met his eye with a mute reproach that made him speak.

"Yee, there is. We—we some thought of gettin'—married."

"Well," said the minister, still smiling, "that is rather serious business, though people seem not to think so always. Do you live in this State?"

"Nay—or no, I *should* say. We are from Massachusetts."

"Have you friends in Saratoga whom you would like to have present?"

"Nay, we are strangers here," answered Lorenzo. "We just came this morning." He looked at Althea for the reward of his honesty, but her eyes were fixed upon the minister.

"At all in a hurry?" asked the minister, with a smile.

"Some of a hurry," Lorenzo asserted, and he drew a long, sighing breath, as if to strengthen himself for further question.

The minister laughed a little. He was a tall, fair young man, with a light-coloured moustache cut short along his lip. "I'm sorry for the hurry. I don't think it's the best way to get married. But if you've made up your minds—"

"Yee—yes, we have," said Lorenzo boldly. "Haven't we, Althea?"

"Yee," Althea answered, more faintly.

"It a'n't any new thing or any sudden thing with us," said Lorenzo. "We've thought it over, and we've talked it over, and we've made up our minds fully. The only hurry that there's been about it was our comin' here, and that we *had* to do, to save feelin', as much as anything. We no need to do it."

you can take in your whole lives. I like to have people realise that, before I help them to take it, and reflect that it is irrevocable. But if you are attached to each other you will wish it to be so," he suggested, always smiling.

"Yee," said Lorenzo.

"That is the theory," continued the minister, and he looked at Althea, as if he felt that he could address a finer and higher intelligence in her. "But the strongest feeling is not always the surest guide. Would you like to go away for a little while, and ask yourselves and each other whether you are quite sure, and then come back?" He looked from one to the other kindly. Althea glanced at Lorenzo as if shaken. Lorenzo would not meet her eye.

"We've done that already. We know our minds now as well as we ever shall," he said with a kind of doggedness.

"Very well," said the minister. "I thought I ought to suggest it. I must ask whether there is anything in the lives of either of you, or in your circumstances, which should cause you a conscientious scruple against entering the state of marriage?"

"Nay," they answered together.

"I needn't ask if you have either of you been married before or are now married?"

"Oh, nay," they answered, and Lorenzo permitted himself the relief of a laugh at the notion. Althea smiled in sympathy.

"And your name?"

"Lorenzo Weaver."

"The lady's?"

"Althea Brown."

The minister made a note of the names, and he said: "Is that driver a friend of yours?"

"Nay," said Lorenzo; "we don't know him."

The minister laughed as if he enjoyed the rogue's pretence of intimacy with them. "Well," he said, "I don't see why we shouldn't proceed. As you have no friends of your own to be present, I will just call my wife to witness the ceremony."

He went out again, and Althea murmured to Lorenzo in the twilight, "Oh, I hope she'll come soon!"

"I don't believe but what she will," he murmured back. He tried to take her hand, to reassure her, but she kept it from him.

"Because if she don't," she scarcely more than-gasped, "I don't believe I can bear it."

Lorenzo was silent, as if he did not know what to answer, and they sat mute together in the dim room till the minister came back.

"My wife will be in directly," he said, seating himself in the rocking-chair; "she has to make some change in her dress"; and now he spoke to Althea more especially: "With you ladies everything in life seems an occasion for that."

He smiled, and Althea smiled in mechanical response. "Yee," she said.

Still Althea did not look at Lorenzo, but at a favourable change that passed over the minister's face she gave a little sigh of relief.

"Well, that's good," said the minister. "I can marry you of course, and I will, if you wish. But the step you are going to take is the most important step

The minister looked at her, and after a momentary hesitation he said, "May I ask why you use that form of speech. I notice that you both use it."

Althea looked at Lorenzo, and he answered bluntly, "We are Shakers."

"Oh, indeed!" said the minister. "That is very interesting. I have never met any of your people before. You must excuse me if I say that I observed something peculiar in you at the first glance. But I supposed that the Shakers had a dress of their own."

"Yee, we have—in the Family," said Lorenzo; "but we got these things since we came into the world-outside."

The minister said "Oh!" and Althea blushed with a consciousness that imparted itself to the whole texture of her pretty dress, and to the cherry ribbons on her breast and hat. "But don't you use the plain language, and say Thee and Thou like the Quakers?"

"Nay, we say Yee and Nay, 'for more than this cometh of evil.'"

A sort of sectarian self-satisfaction, a survival of conditions he had abandoned, expressed itself in Lorenzo's tone, and he was not apparently sensible of the irony in the minister's "Oh, I see!" But Althea stirred as if she felt it.

"We only say so now," she explained, "because we have the habit of it. We have no right to set ourselves above anybody else in the world-outside any more, as far as that goes."

"Will you excuse me?" said the minister, with a burst of frankness. "But if it isn't intrusive, I should like very much to know something about your Family life. You are Communists, I believe?"

"Yee, we have all things common. There is not much to tell you. We all work and serve. I taught the school. Lorenzo was in the herb and seed shop; we put them up for sale."

"But your religious life—your social life?"

"We believe in the Bible, but we believe that Ann Lee came after Jesus to fulfil his mission. We think that revelation continues to this day, and that we are always in communion with the spirit world. The spirits give us our hymns and our music."

"I have heard something about it," said the minister, "and about your dancing at your meetings."

Lorenzo laughed with a little sectarian scorn. "That is about all that some folks in the world-outside think there is to it. That's what they come to see generally. And it a'n't dancin', to call it rightly. It's more of a march."

"I should like to see it," said the minister. "But your distinctive social peculiarities besides your communism?"

Neither of the young people answered at once. At last Althea said, in a low voice, "We live the angelic life."

"What do you mean by that?"

She was silent, and looked at Lorenzo. He answered, impatiently, "They don't get married; they think they are as the angels in heaven."

"Oh, indeed! Then—"

"That's the reason we left them. If there had been any other way——" Lorenzo hesitated, and Althea took the word.

"We never should have left the Family as long as we lived. They took us when we were little, and they have taken care of us, and taught us, and done everything for us. They loved us, and we loved them. But——"

She stopped in her turn, and Lorenzo resumed, "Well, the whole story is, we got to feelin' foolish about each other."

"Do you mean," and the minister suppressed a smile as he spoke, "that you fell in love?"

"Well, I presume you would call it that in the world-outside."

"I see," said the minister. "And as you could not be married there—"

"Yee."

They were all silent now till Althea asked in a trembling voice: "Do you think—it is wrong of us to—get married?"

The minister roused himself from the muse he was falling into. "Not the least in the world! Why should I think so?"

"We tried to look at it in every light, but sometimes I am afraid we were blinded by our feelings for each other. We didn't wish to be selfish about it, and it did seem as if our—"

"Being in love?" suggested the minister.

"Yee—was a kind of leading, and that we had as good a right to think that it was put into our hearts as any of the other things."

"That is the way the world-outside regards it," said the minister, with a smile that betrayed his relish of the phrase he had adopted. "We even go so far as to say that matches are made in heaven. I must confess that some of them don't seem to bear out the theory."

"But you think—you think that there is nothing wrong in marriage itself, even if folks are not always happy in it?" Althea pursued.

"Most certainly," said the minister. "It's often very bad; but at its worst it's probably always the best thing under the circumstances." He seemed to speak in earnest but he kept his smile on Althea, as if her quaint seriousness amused him in its relation to the worldly gaiety of her appearance. The spirit of a nun speaking from the fashions that Althea wore with as much grace as if she were born in them might well have appealed to a less imaginative sympathy. "Why do you ask? Were you taught that it was wrong in itself?"

"Nay, nay," she faltered.

"They're always talkin' against it," said Lorenzo bitterly. "They say themselves that it's all right in the earthly order; and yet they keep braggin' up the Gospel relation and the angelic life, and tellin' you that Christ never got married; and I think it's *wore* on her. I tried to convince her the best I could that Christ wouldn't have gone to weddin's if he hadn't approved of 'em, for all he didn't marry."

"Do you think he did approve of them?" she entreated tremulously of the minister.

"I think he did indeed."

"But if— Don't his not marrying make it appear as if he thought it was of the earthly order?"

"There it is again!" cried Lorenzo. "She can't seem to get past that! I tell her—and I don't know many times I've told her—that we can't all expect to lead the angelic life in this world."

"We can if we choose," she retorted nervously, speaking to Lorenzo, but still intent upon the minister's face.

"I don't believe," he said, "that we ought to study a literal conformity to the life of Jesus in everything; that is, we should not make his practice in such a matter an article of faith. I should say that if anyone felt strongly appealed to by it, he would do well to follow it; but if he did not, he would not do well to follow it; and especially would not do well to enforce it upon others."

"There! Didn't I say so?" demanded Lorenzo of Althea. "Let everybody do accordin' to his own conscience."

"As long," said the minister, "as Christ's words do not explicitly condemn marriage—"

The voice of Althea broke in upon him, still tremulous, but clear, and gaining firmness to the close: "And Jesus answering said unto them: The children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

The minister listened with a smile, as if her childlike fanaticism interested him like something of rare and peculiar quality, but he replied, with a certain touch of compassionate respect, "Is that the passage they ground their doctrine on? You know those are Luke's words, and Luke had his facts at second-hand. The other Gospels do not report the words of Jesus so, but even if Luke's report were the most accurate, as it's certainly the fullest, I should not take it literally. I have thought a good deal about that passage," said the minister, "for I have to do a good deal of marrying and giving in marriage, and I read in it a deeper meaning than the face of the words bear. In a certain sense, marriage is both the death and the resurrection. If you will think about it, you will see that it is the very symbol of eternity in human life. All other human relations dissolve and end, but that endures imperishably. The family continually perishes through marriage, which creates it. Children are born to a wedded pair, and there is a family; they grow up and marry, and the family which they constituted ceases to be, as the family which their children shall constitute will cease to be. But the marriage of the father and mother remains to all eternity. If there is no giving in marriage beyond this life it is not in condemnation of marriage, but in recognition of the fact that it is *from* everlasting as well as *to* everlasting, like all things eternal."

"There, Althea," murmured Lorenzo; but the girl did not speak.

The minister went on: "The husband and the wife lay down their separate lives, and take up a joint life, which, if they are truly married, shall be theirs for ever. There is no marrying after death, but heaven is imaged in every true marriage on earth: for heaven is nothing but the joy of self-giving, and marriage is the supreme self-giving. We call the ceremony 'getting married,' he pursued, expanding with a certain pleasure in his theme, which was not, perhaps, very relevant to it; "but the living together, the adjustment of temperaments, the compromise of opinions, the reconciliation of tastes, is what we *should* call 'getting married.' I should wish you to remember that *marriage is the giving up of self*. That is its highest meaning. If it is not that, it is something so low as to be the unworthiest of all human relations. If you do not give up yourselves, if you insist upon what you think your rights against one another, you will be yokemates of perdition, and your marriage will be a hell. I suppose it is the dread of something like this in marriage that has created the celibate sects in all times and in all religions. But marriage is properly the death of the individual, and in its resurrection you will rise not as man and woman, but as one pair in the unity of immortal love. I declare," he broke off, "I don't know what's keeping my wife. I'm detaining you an unconscionable time. If you'll excuse me, I'll just go—"

He started from his chair, and made a movement towards the door. Althea sprang to her feet and put out her hand. "Nay!" she said nervously; "don't call her yet. Lorenzo—I— Don't you believe we'd better take a little time to think—and come back? You could let us come back?" she entreated of the minister.

"Why, surely! Again and again, as often as you wish. Go and think it over, and if you still have any misgiving—"

"We haven't any misgivings," said Lorenzo stoutly. "But if she wants to get her mind clear, I won't be the one to hinder or hurry her."

"That is the right spirit," said the minister, and he offered the young fellow his hand. "I shall be here till twelve o'clock—it's eleven now—and after that not till between four and five. I shall be glad to see you back, but if you don't come— Good-morning." He smiled cordially upon them at the lattice door, where he parted from them, and held it open for them to pass out.

VIII.

They blinked in the strong sunshine, and walked dizzily down the bit of brick pavement to the gate, and then down the quiet street.

"I don't know what you'll say to me, Lorenzo," Althea began.

Without looking round at her, he answered, "You done right, Althea."

"Oh, do you think so?" she quavered. "I did for the best; I thought we ought to talk it over more, and look into our minds and ask ourselves—I'm not sure that I see all these things in the light he did."

"Seemed to me he gave us a pretty solemn talk," said Lorenzo—"more than he any need to. Well, he said as much himself; I a'n't criticisin' him. I thought we had our minds made up. But I could see how he unsettled you by some of the things he said, and if you don't think he made it out so very clear, after all, I want you should feel just right about it every way, Althea. We can come back this afternoon."

"Lorenzo, if you say so, we will go back now—this minute!" she cried passionately. "I didn't draw back on my account any more than yours."

"Nay, we'll wait now awhile—or, any rate, till we see it in the right light. But I'll tell you what, Althea: I think we've thought enough about it, and more than enough. What we want to do now is to think of something else, and let our marryin' alone awhile. It's like this, the way I view it: it's like a sum that you can't do or work out anyhow; and you can beat yourself against it all day, and you can't do it. But let it alone a spell, and come back after your mind's rested, and you'll find it's done itself."

"I do believe it's so, Lorenzo," said Althea, with a potential joy in her tone.

"Yee. And, Althea, I say, let's forget all about it, and go round and enjoy ourselves. It's about as fine a day as I ever saw, and it ain't likely we shall be back in Saratoga very soon again. There's no use makin' a poor mouth, and I don't see as there's any reason. You was feelin' well enough before we went in there, and I guess nothing's really happened to make us downhearted."

He leaned over from his loftier height with a smile, and his shoulder touched hers. At the contact her hand glided out upon his arm, as if without her will, and rested there. She did not answer, but in a moment she halted him with a little pull. "Where are we going?"

He looked round and laughed. "Well, well! I declare if I thought. I guess we came down the street because it was easier than to go up."

"I hope that isn't going to be the way with us through life!" she said, and she looked round with a laughing face.

A young man driving a pair of light sorrels in a wood-coloured surrey drew up in the middle of the road, and held his whip towards them. "Carriage?" he called out.

"Nay, we don't want to ride," Lorenzo began.

"Well, then," said the driver, and he guided his team closer to them on the corner where they stood, "I guess I shall have to get that dollar from you." He smiled benignly at the bewildered look Lorenzo gave him, and then laughed at his dawning consciousness.

"Well, well! I forgot all about it!" Lorenzo put his hand in his pocket, while Althea drew her hand from his arm. He took out the note and handed it to the driver.

"Dominie made it all right for you, then?"

Lorenzo tried to withdraw with dignity from the confidential ground taken with him, "I guess so," he said, with dry evasion.

"Well, I thought so," the driver exulted, "when you come out; and when I see her take your arm, I knowed there wasn't a doubt about it. Say, why don't you get in and let me take you to your hotel? It sha'n't cost you a cent. You want to pull up at the Grand Union in style, if that's where you're goin'."

Althea shrank in dismay from these preternatural intuitions; but it seemed to Lorenzo, though he felt her reluctance, that it would be better to accept the offer, and get rid of the fellow at the hotel door. He was afraid that otherwise he might follow them the whole way, and perhaps give a mortifying publicity to their adventure by trying to talk with them about it from the middle of the street. Besides, he did not know where the Grand Union was, and it seemed settled that they were to go there.

"I guess we better, Althea," he suggested.

"Well, if you say so, Lorenzo."

"Well, that's right! Get right in," said the driver. When they were seated and he turned about to arrange the linen lap-cloth over their knees, he laughed, for Althea's pleasure, and said, "'Now you're married, you must obey, and mind your husband night and day,' as the song says. Well, that's the way it works for a while, anyhow. Then it's the husband's turn, and he takes a hack at obeyin'. Well, it's all in a lifetime, as I tell my wife. Didn't think I was married? How did you suppose I was on to you so quick? Been there myself. Got the nicest little wife in *this* town. But I guess I should ha' known what you was after, anyway. Lots o' couples come to Saratoga to get married in a hurry. It's all right! Did the dominie ask you some hard questions? He does oftentimes, and if he can't feel just right about it, he won't splice you. I've had to take more than one couple to another shop. But he's all right, the dominie is! Tell him what you was?"

"We no need to feel ashamed of anything," said Lorenzo resentfully.

"Well, that's so. That's what the dominie likes. I could tell you some pretty tough stories about the couples I've had to hunt round for a minister with."

Lorenzo wished to say something that would put a stop to the fellow's talk, but Althea pressed his arm as a sign for him not to answer, and he forbore.

The driver seemed to interpret their silence aright. "Well," he said, "it's a pleasure to strike the right sort of couple, and I guess that's what the dominie thought, too. He's all right. Didn't I tell you he was a white man? Well, he is." Though his words ran so freely, the driver suffered from a poverty of ideas which now seemed to make itself apparent even to himself, and he fell silent before they reached the hotel. "Here we are," he said, when he pulled up in front of it at last.

Lorenzo and Althea sat staring at the great hostelry's façade, with the upward sweep of its portico in front of them, the wide stretch of its verandahs southward, and northward the glitter of the shops and offices under it. Men were going and coming up and down the steps of the portico, and they thronged the office within, and stretched in groups along the verandahs, with their feet on the railing; they were smoking and talking together. Here and there one sat alone, with his cigar sloped upward and his hat-brim sloped downward almost to the point of meeting.

There were very few women to be seen, and Lorenzo hesitated, with a glance at Althea. The driver tried to encourage him.

"You want to go right through the inside piazza, and get the rest of the concert; it ain't over yet. And you can register just as well afterwards; you won't have any trouble about rooms so early in the season." They dismounted anxiously, and stood looking up into the hotel. "There!" said the driver. "I guess *they're* goin' in. You just follow them, and you'll be all right." He pointed to a group of ladies who were mounting the steps, and then drove away. The ladies pushed fearlessly into the hotel, and Althea followed with Lorenzo. The place was full of men talking and smoking, like those outside, and she missed the shelter of the deep Shaker bonnet, where she could have hid her face from the glances that seemed to seek it from all sides. She knew that her cropped hair must look strange under her gay hat, and she wanted to ask Lorenzo whether it looked so *very* strange; but he was intent upon finding a way between the groups and keeping those ladies in sight. The noise of shuffling

feet and rippling dresses confused her, and the vastness of the place awed her; through a doorway on one hand she caught a glimpse of a long room, with splendours of upholstery and furnishing under shining chandeliers and deep mirrors; and then suddenly they reached a wide open doorway, and at the same moment there burst through upon them a joyous tide of music that seemed to Althea almost to sweep her from her feet, and made her cling closer to Lorenzo.

On either side of the doorway beautifully dressed women sat listening, or whispered with the haughty-looking men beside them, and before her tall, slim pines shot up from the levels of a wide lawn, and a fountain, set round with broad-leaved plants, gushed into the sunshine that their boughs sifted upon it. On the pathways that intersected each other under the trees nearer and farther, pairs of young men and women strayed together to the limits of the high, many-windowed walls that enclosed the landscape.

"Lorenzo, Lorenzo!" she murmured, as they found places among the company that they seemed to be

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In a recent issue of this Journal my friend Mr. Payn refers to the well-known stories of toads and frogs having been discovered entombed in solid rock, and mentions not only the experiments of Dean Buckland on the vitality of these amphibians, but affords also the feasible explanation of such stories. This explanation is that which suggests that in cases where a frog or toad can actually be proved to have emerged from a mass of rock, the animal, in place of being an ancient and antediluvian specimen of marvellous vitality, is only an ordinary amphibian of recent growth, which, finding its way as a youthful amphibian into some crevice of a rock, feeds on the insects which gain admittance thereto, and grows too large to make its exit by the aperture of entrance. Then when the rock happens to be split up by the quarryman or miner, we are told—first, that it was a solid rock, and second, that the live toad or frog must have been entombed in it from the time of its formation.

Apart from the plain absurdity of this last contention in respect of time, it is very clear that, as rocks when they are formed are either soft sand or mud or the like, or, on

sheltered young into spirits of wine by way of preserving it and forward it (if I mistake not) to Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier or the editor of the *Field*. As yet nobody has claimed the reward, and five-pound notes are not so easily picked up that the viper-catcher can afford to treat the offer with disdain. The real explanation of the viper story is that the mother snake brings forth her young alive; and when the young already born are disturbed they escape readily from observation, the remaining and unborn reptiles being found on dissection within the parental body. As these last are very lively indeed, the popular idea is that they represent the young vipers which were seen by the side of the parent. That five-pound note, however, I understand is still at the service of anybody who can produce a viper with the young in the maternal throat.

Speaking of snakes, I read with much interest in the *Sketch* a recent review, signed by the well-known initials, "W. B. T.," of a work on "The New Forest." The reviewer—if he will permit me to act as a kindly critic—is in error in enumerating four species of snakes as indigenous to Britain. The mistake has arisen from his including the blind-worm, or slow-worm, in the category of snakes. This reptile is really a legless lizard, and not a snake; a fact which reduces the list of British serpents to



"I feel as if I had just come to life."

an accepted part of; "do you believe that we're awake?"

"Yee, I guess we are at last, Althea. Do you like it?" he whispered back, with a lover's pleasure in her pleasure; he involuntarily took credit for it as if he had created it.

"I feel as if I had just come to life," she whispered. "Oh, how could it all have been, and we not know it!"

"I guess," he exulted, "there are a good many things in the world-outside that are never heard of in the Family. Do you feel now as if it was wrong?"

She saw the same look in his eyes that she knew he saw in hers. "Nay, that's all gone. I shall never think so any more."

Her hand found his at their side, and they sat with their fingers knitted together in the shelter of her drapery that flowed over them. The music that thrilled from the viols and violins, and breathed cool and piercing from the flutes and flageolets, seemed to claim Althea for the earth, and to fill her heart with a bliss of living. It liberated her from the fear that had been lurking in the bottom of her heart. It silenced that dull nether ache of doubt; it flattered and promised; it lured her out of the prison of herself, and invited her to be of its own ecstasy.

(To be continued.)

the other hand, are in a state of fusion, no living thing could possibly be imbedded therein and survive. Again, as live frogs and toads are often reported to come from geologically ancient rocks, and as they are, geologically speaking, tolerably recent as fossil organisms, and occur for the first time in rocks relatively new, the wondrous living animals of the "quarryman's find" must thus be much older than the oldest fossil representative of this family—which is, absurd. In the account to which Mr. Payn alludes, it was stated that "the niche in which it (the frog) had lived was perfectly smooth, and of the exact shape of the frog." Now, as tolerably familiar with frog and toad stories, I have often noted this statement about the rock bearing the impression of the animal, but I have never heard of this niche or impression being produced as a kind of *pièce de conviction*. If it were produced, I frankly admit I should begin to look more kindly on the assertions of the finders of the marvellous toads.

There is always a hiatus in the popular accounts of such wonders. Here it is the production of evidence that the rock was solid, and the absence of the niche or impression said to have formed the bed of a living creature (deprived of light, air, and food) for untold æons. In the case of the tale of the mother viper swallowing her young when danger threatens, it is the want of any specimen with the young in the mother's throat. Surely vipers are common enough, and besides, there happens, I believe, to be a standing offer (which originally emanated from Frank Buckland) of a five-pound note for anybody who will pop a viper with

three species, which were duly enumerated by "W. B. T." in the review to which I refer.

The "No Thoroughfare. By order, J. Smith," idea to which I referred some weeks ago as a kind of mental notice-board erected by certain persons as stupidly and as unwarrantably as the notice placed by land-grabbers on the bit of commonland they have stolen from the people, has of late been flourished in certain quarters. The death of Pasteur has been made the occasion for a display on the part of people who object to the remarks of biographers of the late scientist on his research into the causes of rabies and into the possibilities of discovering a cure for hydrophobia by the use of graduated inoculations of the virus of the first-named disease. The mere mention of Pasteur's work in this direction seems to act as does the proverbial red rag to the infuriated bovine. People who write about Pasteur's failure in the matter of a hydrophobia cure should be a little more careful in their reading of statistical results. It is, perhaps, useless to recommend care in respect of any detail to people whose anxiety is directed exclusively towards the interests of lower life and who think nothing, apparently, of human pains and human risks of death. When men like Sir Joseph Lister and Sir J. Fayrer, and others equally eminent, are found, after careful examination of the Pasteur mode of cure, to indicate their strong approval thereof, it may suffice for sensible persons that they should let the "No Thoroughfare" obstructionists severely alone.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

The opening of the new Graduation Hall at Marischal College, Aberdeen, on Oct. 23 was a red-letter day in the history of our most northerly University. The University of Aberdeen, as now constituted, was created only in 1860. It is, however, really much older, being a combination of two separate Universities—King's College, in Old Aberdeen, and Marischal College, in New Aberdeen: The older University, founded in 1495 by a remarkable prelate, Bishop Elphinstone, is thus just 400 years old, and the celebrations which have taken place in connection



THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY, LORD RECTOR.

with the extensive additions at the younger college may be said to mark, unhappily in a more or less incomplete way, the fourth centenary of the University. King's College was the third University established in Scotland, and it was practically the last great gift of the Roman Catholic Church to Northern Britain. Its constitution was a frank imitation of the mediæval academic system as typified, more particularly, by the great Universities of Paris and Bologna, and to this day it retains some of the most characteristic features of academic mediævalism. Although the North of Scotland was in a state of semi-barbarism, the University was established on lines more extensive than those of any other University in Great Britain, inasmuch as it was the first in this country to become equipped with a Faculty of Medicine. For seventy years it continued its work on monastic lines under the Roman Catholic Church. Its predominating ecclesiastical tendency is evidenced by the picturesque chapel, which, with the imposing tower and crown, is the only portion of the original buildings that

has come down to us. Protestantism swept its priestly patrons from the college, and endeavoured to shape the scheme of education to the immediate wants of the community by lopping off the faculties of Law and Medicine. The academic authorities stoutly resisted this effort, and defied several sets of Commissioners whom the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed to effect the necessary changes. One of the most powerful of the Commissioners was Earl Marischal, the ancestor of the well-known Field-Marshal Keith, the devoted friend of Frederick the Great. Marischal had become a Protestant, his religious bias being probably largely due to his desire to oppose his great rival in the North, the Earl of Huntly, who was head of the clan Gordon, which still stood by the Church of Rome. The Gordons had been closely identified with the college from its foundation, as they have been down to the present time, when the head of the house, the Marquis of Huntly, is Lord Rector, while the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is Chancellor of the University. When King's College repudiated the Protestant proposals, Lord Marischal established the college which is known by his name in New Aberdeen, in 1593, to carry out the scheme of John Knox's party. It must not be forgotten that the younger college was a regular University; that is to say, a separate degree-granting body; and thus for more than two centuries and a half far-away Aberdeen was in possession of two distinct Universities, while all England itself could boast of no more. The conservative tendencies of the older college may be said to have triumphed in the long run, for in the first quarter of the seventeenth century its Chancellor, Bishop Patrick Forbes, gathered round him a body of scholars who, departing from the extremeness of Presbyterianism, advocated the adoption of Episcopalian principles as a more desirable form of worship. The "Aberdeen

Doctors," as these religious leaders came to be called, figured prominently in the eyes of the whole country until the Presbyterian party rose in revolt and, promulgating the Covenant, purged the college for a second time. In this era, however, the University gained a great reputation for its Latin scholarship, and sent out several notable men, such as Bishop Burnet, the historian. The existence of two Universities within a mile of each other was, of course, untenable; for it was impossible for each of them to support four Faculties. During last century a series of futile attempts was made to unite them on the basis of dividing the Faculties between the two. But it was not until 1860 that the union was effected, when the Faculties of Arts and Divinity were assigned to King's College, and those of Law and Medicine to Marischal College. The University has increased rapidly as a medical school, and by the creation of a new Science Faculty it became necessary to extend Marischal College buildings. Government made



KING'S COLLEGE, OLD ABERDEEN.



INTERIOR OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, OLD ABERDEEN.



MITCHELL TOWER, MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

a grant of £40,000, to be paid pound per pound for an equal sum of private subscriptions. At this critical moment an alumnus of the University, Mr. Charles Mitchell, a member of the great ordnance firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., offered to build a spacious Graduation Hall and to heighten the tower of Marischal College. It is the completion of this work which the present celebrations mark. A pathetic interest attaches to the occasion by the death only two months ago of the generous donor, who was to have been presented with the Freedom of his native city and to have taken a prominent place in the inaugurations of the extensions.

Our Illustrations are from photographs by G. W. Wilson and Co., Limited, Aberdeen.



BRUNNHILDE (MADAME LILLIAN TREE).

WOTAN (MR. DAVID BISPHAM).

SCENE FROM "DIE WALKÜRE," AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Wotan, the one-eyed god, strikes the rock with his spear, and the magic fire breaks out on every side.—ACT III. SCENE 4.

LITERATURE.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLIV. (Smith, Elder and Co.)—No fewer than four Prime Ministers of England figure in the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," the successive instalments of which continue to make their appearance with the unflinching punctuality of quarter-day. First in order in time come the rather commonplace Henry Pelham and his elder brother, the Duke of Newcastle (Carlyle's "Noodle of Newcastle"), whose absurdities and incompetence made him the laughing-stock of his contemporaries. Yet, through the enormous borough influence which he wielded, he held high office under the first three Georges for forty-five years, during seven of which he was First Lord of the Treasury. Next comes Spencer Perceval, the only modern British Premier who died by the hand of the assassin. He was an ardent Protestant and opponent of Catholic Emancipation, and this contributed to bring down on him the lash of Sydney Smith. His biographer ignores Sydney's satirical picture of him walking to church at the head of the little Percevals, and praises him for the tenacity with which he maintained the struggle against the first Napoleon. The latest and most memorable of the Prime Ministers whose biographies are given in this volume is Sir Robert Peel. His career and character are described with care, ability, and animation by his grandson, the Hon. George Peel, a son of Viscount Peel, who has recently retired with so much honour from the Speakership of the House of Commons. That Mr. Peel should be to the statesman's "faults a little blind and to his virtues very kind" is only natural. The notice of the statesman's father, the first Sir Robert Peel, also contributed by Mr. Peel, is more perfunctory than might have been expected. No mention is made of one of the most notice-worthy acts of his useful and blameless life—his determined opposition to the Corn Law of 1815, which was supported, though mildly, by his son, who was destined to put a finishing stroke to English Corn Laws of every kind. The history of the great House of Percy, including the lives of the modern Dukes of Northumberland of the third creation, who descend from the fortunate Sir Hugh Smithson, is narrated by a series of careful biographers, the story of Shakspeare's Hotspur being told not merely with spirit, but with occasional picturesqueness. The notice of Bishop Percy, the editor of the "epoch-making" "Reliques of English Poetry," is duly appreciative; but its writer seems to be ignorant of the existence of the Bishop's unpublished correspondence and note-books among the manuscripts of the British Museum, portions of which throw much light on his earlier and later career in the Church. The interesting correspondence of the Bishop on Scottish ballads with Lord Hailes precluded the publication of the "Reliques."

Among the miscellaneous articles attention is claimed by Mr. Leslie Stephen's on Pepys the Diarist, in which much stress is laid on his merits as a naval administrator; and by Mr. J. A. Rigg's on William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, in which Lord Macaulay's charges against him are rebutted. Of the lives of men of letters and scholars, that of Walter Pater by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and of Mark Pattison by Mr. Christie, the Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester are finely sympathetic yet discriminating; while Dr. Richard Garnett does justice not only to the brilliant humour and delicate fancy of Shelley's early friend, Thomas Love Peacock, whose writings he has edited, but to Peacock's official work in the India House, where he had John Stuart Mill for a successor. There are comparatively few lives of industrialists in the volume. The notice of Lewis Paul, the ill-fated patentee of a process for spinning cotton and wool by rollers, which was first made effective by Richard Arkwright, could not have fallen into more competent hands than those of Mr. Prosser, of the Patent Office. But he might have expanded his somewhat meagre references to the relations between Paul and Dr. Johnson in connection with Paul's patent, relations which are very creditable to the Doctor's heart. Mr. Prosser makes no explicit mention of the series of friendly and helpful letters from Johnson to Paul, published in some editions of Croker's Boswell, and reprinted with elucidations in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's collection of Johnson's letters. The appearance of the "great lexicographer" in the early history of English cotton-spinning forms a unique and interesting episode in his biography.—FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

MISS BROUGHTON'S LATEST STORY.

Scylla or Charybdis. By Rhoda Broughton. (Bentley.)—A new volume from the pen of Miss Rhoda Broughton is a godsend. She is sometimes moral, never didactic; sometimes sentimental, never gushing, and always entertaining. She has never a story to tell, and she knows how to tell it. Her art is unique, it is not old-fashioned; neither does it appeal to the transient humours of a clique. The question of literary fashion does not affect anything so universal, so sympathetic, and so human. It is some time since the spirited airs of "Cometh up as a Flower" and "Nancy" a little startled English rectories with their youthful exuberance of slang and sentiment. Her later novels have gained in artistic restraint, but are not less full of colour and vigour. The passionate tomboy of her earlier works, and the reckless use of Scriptural quotations therein indulged, have given place to sober, healthy, milk-white heroines, and a choice of good old full-blooded English adjectives. There are fewer characters, and closer analysis of character. The manly Harry Clarence, his delicate, weak-minded mother, and the bouncing, yet lady-like Honor Lisle are as human as the author knows how to make them. Honor Lisle is a heroine after Miss Broughton's own heart. Another girl describes her as "a very nice savage." She could not bear being indoors, and would rather have slept under a hedge or a haystack than in bed. She liked all sorts of little wild beasts and birds far better than people, and she never voluntarily opened a book. This delightful antithesis to our modern

"clubbable" woman is first seen by Harry Clarence when she is "wagon-leading," half as an amateur, half in earnest, at a Norfolk harvest home. "She smiles gravely from the wagon-tilt, and it seems to Harry Clarence afterwards as if the young charioteer had galloped, cart-horses, wagon, and all, straight into his heart." She finally subjugates him by falling prettily asleep while he reads poetry to her. It is almost a pity that the story is not conceived throughout in these idyllic lines. But novelists must work, and heroines weep; and Miss Broughton has to invent a tragedy in which to entangle these young lives. Mrs. Clarence's rooted antipathy, so amusingly commented on at the beginning of the novel, to all pretty young girls as potential daughters-in-law, has a deeper, sadder source than mere maternal jealousy, and it is with a distinct feeling of dissatisfaction—all which went before it was so charming!—that we see the loathsome spectre of family madness—homicidal mania, too—rear its hateful head in a chapter somewhere near the middle of the volume. Mrs. Clarence, from a mildly comic figure, becomes a tragic one; she is between two terrors: the hereditary madness before referred to, is her Scylla; while Charybdis—but we must not reveal the crux of the novel, though we may be tempted to add that it is not a little French.—VIOLET HUNT.

ON THE FLOOD-TIDE OF ROMANCE.

A Man's Foes. By E. H. Strain. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)—The chief facts of this story are sufficiently well known, as its author assures us. The siege and defence of Derry; the treachery of Lundy; the many virtues of the excellent Walker; the sufferings, the sorrows, the triumphs of the garrison, have been written down once and for all by Macaulay with an art which may well be the despair of the later-day novelist. When fiction is joined in the literary bonds to such a well-worn story, the union must be so close and mutual that romance and history shall be of one flesh. It is a great testimony to Mr. Strain's story—if, indeed, it be the work of a man's hand—to admit that this union is here accomplished, and that little remains for the critic but to call down the nuptial benediction. While the reader may well wish that the author had been more sparing with his words, and had made but two volumes of that which has been published in three, he would be ungrateful if he denied the obvious charm of much of the story, and the very deep insight which is betrayed in Mrs. Hamilton's narrative. No mere man, I am led to think, could have put into a woman's mouth the thoughts and the words here given to the story-teller. A pretty simple diction—not always free from the English of Wardour Street—a true tenderness and womanly instinct, dominate every page of the romance. The scene of it is admirably chosen, and we are able to live again through the hazards and the perils suffered by the inmates of the old house at Cloncolly; and to share the troubles of the gallant Lady Hamilton. Many historic figures, Mountjoy and Lundy and Walker, loom up in the background and give tone to the gloomy picture. The actual siege is described as a woman, neither hysterical nor wonder-loving; might be expected to describe it. And everywhere through the storm of tears there is the laughter which neither time nor circumstance may hold in check when an Irish pen is upon the paper. MAX PEMBERTON.

SUFFOLK.

History of Suffolk. By the Rev. J. J. Raven, D.D., F.S.A. (Elliot Stock.)—This latest addition to the publisher's series of Popular County Histories is not inferior in interest to its predecessors. At first glance, Suffolk may seem to lie outside the more active arena of national events, but if the barbaric invaders from whose loins most of us are sprung had left fuller traces of their onslaughts, there would be no more stirring story than East Anglia could have supplied concerning the brunt of attacks which it bore from Teuton and Norseman. As it is, its contributions to our knowledge of man in the most remote periods of his occupancy of Britain, when arctic and tropic animals, mostly extinct, were in turn his contemporaries, are numerous and valuable. The Roman passed through it, and left the traces of his presence in roads noted in Antonine's "Itinerary"; while in his defeat of Boadicea there is the memory of the great British tribe whose name, perhaps, survives in the place-names Iken, Ike, and others. In the Tudor period Suffolk figures prominently as aiding the cause of Mary; while in the war between Cavalier and Roundhead its then Puritan instincts carried its forces, to the after ruin of many an old family, into the ranks of the Protector. Of these ancient tenants of the soil many a trace survives in the fine manor-houses, of which Parham Hall is a lovely example; while to what spirits in the restless ages of the past it gave shelter or furnished centres of attack is seen in the numerous castles; among which the splendid ruin of Framlingham stands out as the stronghold where Mary raised her standard in 1553. As for its ecclesiastical prominence, apart from its notably large flint churches with their commanding battlemented towers, it suffices to name the shrine of St. Edmund at Bury, and the once famous see of Dunwich. At the one—now a heap of ruins—Archbishop Langton received the pledges of the barons to maintain their confederacy till John agreed to sign Magna Charta. Then, to readers of "Past and Present," what memories of Abbot Samson and Jocelin of Brakelond it revives! As for Dunwich, where the last of many churches nods to its fall on the edge of the sea-worn cliff, the great city was already fast going to decay in the time of Edward the Confessor. To the long list of national worthies Suffolk has added no mean number: among these, as commanders, Cavendish, Vernon, Broke—in this last-named the hero in the famous action between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*; as painters, Constable and Gainsborough; as poets, Crabbe, Bloomfield, and Edward Fitzgerald, whom Dr. Raven describes as son-in-law of the "placid Bernard Barton," and as "essayist and translator." The description is accurate enough for a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but he who names the "Laird of Little Grange" with no word of allusion to the immortal paraphrase of old Khayyâm, writes himself among the unenlightened. EDWARD CLODD.

A PARENTAL ROMANCE.

The Story of a Baby. By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)—Mrs. or Miss Ethel Turner's story is no more the story of a baby than the lullabies of later literature are honestly concerned with a baby's slumbers. Two young parents, who would never have secured anything like a printed book to themselves, and who could not have produced an attractive title out of their own affairs, put forward the baby, forsooth, and palm their grown-up biographies off upon the reading public under the pretence of presenting *his*. In a book on birds the parents of the nest are always called the old birds, and Miss Turner's couple are so very young, and she makes their youth so childish and so extreme, that a reviewer is tempted to rebuke her in the way she probably would dislike the most, by calling them the old people. So, in fact, they would be relatively; so they would be if "The Story of a Baby" were an honest title, and the baby were the hero. Nevertheless, Miss Turner is not an author to irritate her readers wantonly. She writes lightly, her commonplace is up-to-date commonplace, and her convention is vivacious and quite modern.

The "old people," then, live in an Australian neighbourhood that is still a neighbourhood, and not yet quite a suburb; they have a "weather-board" cottage, and the wife combines housework with fresh muslin frocks and Liberty cushions in the manner common to the United States and the Colonies, and full of surprises to those outside. The long quarrel that begins between the two old people as to the carrying of the baby rises to a tragic reciprocal defiance and a retraction of the promises of wedlock. The first contention is, for so brilliant a couple, rather squalid. It is not credible that old people so well on in civilisation as Larrie and Dot should claim anything against one another except the right to a share of the burden of the baby. But Miss Turner's Larrie, though an athlete, complains of Dot, not because she insists on the small share of the work that might be equitably hers, but because she will not carry the baby up the hill. It is really a very gross quarrel. When things grow more serious between the old people, there is, of course, the third person—we should say the fourth person if the baby were the personage that the author pretends he is. And, strange to say, this tragic part of the rather inconsiderable little story is really the best. Miss Turner has, by the way, the strangest ideas of punctuation, does without notes of interrogation almost entirely, and uses exceedingly few stops longer than a comma. Her dialogue goes as follows: "Where's that old brown coat of mine, I hope you haven't given it away." "This was what Dot stigmatised his 'aggravating obstinacy'" is a sentence having worse things in it than commas, even were the commas Mrs. Nickleby's own. ALICE MEYNELL.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Miss Louise Guiney, the charming American poet, writes a bright letter to the *Athenæum* asking that subscriptions may be sent to that journal for the repair and renovation of the grave of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist. His grave is at Llansaintfraed, in Breconshire, and appears to be bordered by a coal-shed, and decorated with nettles, bricks, and fragments of crockery. "By a common irony of fate every other sleeper in that God's acre has a cleanly, grassy bed, except the one precious to England and most worthy of peace." "Vaughan," Miss Guiney continues, "being a Welshman, and a High Churchman, and a man of letters, ought to win recognition from three camps."

Henry Vaughan is perhaps best known to most of us through the three poems by which he is represented in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury": "The Retreat," "Friends in Paradise," and "The Vision."

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright:—
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the World
And all her train were hurld.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill is about to do a great service for the students of Swift. In the preface to Mr. John Forster's incomplete "Life of Swift" there is a copious reference to some valuable letters in the possession of the Chetwode family to which the writer had had access. Mr. Forster died before he was able to make use of this material, and it is curious that none of the later biographers have been able to avail themselves of the correspondence of Swift with his friend Knightley Chetwode, of Woodbrooke. Forster describes it as "the richest addition to the correspondence of this most masterly of English letter-writers." It is these letters which Dr. Hill will publish at an early date.

Mr. John Lane may be congratulated upon the dainty edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" which he will shortly publish. Stevenson did few things which more endeared him to us than this little volume, and its charm will be enhanced by the original and effective illustrations by a Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson's work is new to me, but none the less it is admirable.

The sequence of literary history will be preserved to us by the series of volumes of literary anecdote which Dr. William Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas Wise are shortly to publish. It is a curious coincidence that this most useful work should be given to us in one century by John Nichols and in another by William Nicoll. All of us who are acquainted with Dr. Nicoll, and esteem his singular gifts of insight and judgment, will be certain that the "Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" will be equal, if not superior, in interest to the "Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," which has always been so magnificent a storehouse for the book-lover. The co-operation of Mr. Wise is also of importance. Mr. Wise is the very prince of latter-day bibliophiles. His collection of rarities in the literature of Shelley, Keats, Byron, Charlotte Brontë, and Charles Dickens is, perhaps, quite unrivalled.—C. K. S.

A POINT IN PERSECUTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Hawthorne used to say that he could write fifty novels out of the State Trials, and one only wishes that he had used their congenial documents. They are in perfect harmony with his genius, being rich in mystery, suffering, and remorse, while in the old trials a breath of witchcraft is stirring the arras before which murder and incest play their parts. In reading the State Trials a man becomes well acquainted with his own ignorance—for example, if ever I knew, I had long clean forgotten the fact that the fires of Smithfield still flared in the reign of James I. of England, and that Unitarians

were burned for their faith in the year 1610. The case is of the greatest interest, because it proves so plainly that the extreme forms of persecution were abandoned in sulky and reluctant obedience to public opinion. Kings of the old dynasty and priests of any kind who chanced to hold power might be burning men still for differences of belief about subjects in which certainty is unattainable, if the impulsive, unreflecting public had not remonstrated. In 1610, and for many years later, the public had no objection to cruelty as cruelty. Down to 1753 men were half hanged, and then disembowelled and tortured, for what was called Treason. In 1610, as later and earlier, the public made no scruple about torturing Jesuits to death, and these men certainly conceived that they were perishing for their religion. But their opponents looked on them as political offenders, and were without pity. Now, there was nothing political in the offence of Bartholomew Legatt and Edward Wightman, who died at the stake in Smithfield for a form of Unitarianism. There was then no Unitarian party in State affairs. Thus we might say that the popular indignation was roused by the roasting of men for a non-political religious heresy. But then we remember the absence of popular indignation against the burning of witches, who certainly were not political sinners. The general temper did not cavil at these burnings till after the Restoration. The fact probably is that the fires of Smithfield under Mary Tudor made an ineffaceable impression of horror. It came to be thought very fair to inflict much more prolonged pains on Catholics who were also politicians, and perfectly fair to burn witches, but *not* fair to burn any man for his religious belief, whatever that belief might be. Mary Tudor taught that lesson to the English people, a people far less cruel than its educated official leaders, kings, and priests. As early as 1612, in the disgusting "nullity case" of Lord Shrewsbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury made it manifest that he, for one, in opposition to King James, despised the bare idea of *maleficium*, or witchcraft. Yet the witch laws lasted for more than a hundred years after our last legal, or at least formal, burning of heretics.

Records of the trials of Legatt and Wightman have not been discovered. But Fuller tells the tale pitilessly in his "Church History." Legatt was an Essex man, aged

forty. His theses were heretical on the point of the Divinity of Our Lord, who, he said, "is not to be prayed to." King James argued with Legatt, and, finally, kicked him, saying, "Away, base fellow! It shall never be said that one stayeth in my presence that hath never prayed to Our Saviour for seven years." The Bishop of London, John King, "gravelled and utterly confuted" Legatt with John xvii. 5. Arguments had no more weight than kicks with Legatt, who probably denied the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. So the Bishop and his consistory at St. Paul's handed Legatt over to the secular arm, and the King issued to the Sheriffs of London his writ, "De Hæretico Comburendo." Such was the

his life in Newgate." The patron of Scotch and English *mignons*, of Somerset and Buckingham, found that he must burn no more men for belief or unbelief. "Indeed, such burning of heretics much startled common people, pitying all pain, and prone to asperse justice itself with cruelty, because of the novelty and hideousness of the punishment . . . wherefore King James politically preferred that heretics hereafter, though condemned, should silently and privately waste themselves away in the prison, rather than to grace them, and amuse others with the solemnity of a public execution, which in popular judgments usurped the honour of a persecution." "The purblind eyes of vulgar judgment" were open and clear on this point;

indeed, we now regard the slower decay of a prison as persecution more than enough in all conscience. Torture might still pass unchallenged where Jesuits or other Catholics could be regarded as political prisoners, but Legatt and Wightman, it seems, were the last martyrs who fed the flames of Smithfield for their purely theological opinions. Thus the year 1610 saw one great step in the road towards hatred of priestly cruelty, and that step was taken in deference to the mere squeamishness of the "common people." On the other hand, had only the "common people" been consulted, we might be "amusing" them now by burning mediums in Smithfield, so inconsistent are even the best of mere unreasoned impulses.

It is satisfactory to see that the old Free Grammar School of the ancient Cinque Port, Sandwich, which was closed some years ago on account of the diminishing returns from its endowments, has been reopened. It would have been indeed a misfortune if an institution that has done good educational work for more than three hundred years had been allowed to perish for lack of funds. The founder, a worthy gentleman, Roger Manwood, Esq., of Hackington, established and endowed the school in 1566 under letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, and placed it under the care of the Mayor and Curate of Sandwich. He drew up many careful regulations for its guidance and government, and it is quaint to read, apropos of the present vexed question of security of tenure for assistant masters, that though the usher is to

be appointed by the master, he is not to be dismissed without the consent of the Governors or the "major part of them." The master is to be paid twenty pounds a year at least and the usher ten; the school hours are to be from half-past seven to eleven in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon, and the boys are to assemble at the school every Sunday and go to church two by two. An old inventory of the goods in the school, taken in 1640, is in existence. It commences with a scanty list of books, chiefly classical, and ends with the ominous words, "Two ferulas"; while a note follows to the effect that all the books are much torn and spoiled. It appears that the master's rooms were amply provided with three bedsteads and many other articles of furniture, but the usher comes off rather badly; his three rooms being sparsely furnished with eight shelves, one old chest, and one fir settle.



"REST IN THE GLOAMING."—BY JOHN SCOTT, R.I.

toleration of our Protestant ancestors! Fuller frankly fails to see the legal basis of the sentence; indeed, on the face of it, Legatt had no such fair show as he would have enjoyed in Catholic England, or from the Inquisition.

Legatt was duly burned at Smithfield. "Vast was the concourse of people about him. Never did a scare-fire at midnight summon more hands to quench it than this at noonday did eyes to behold it. At last, refusing all mercy, he was burned to ashes." Wightman, for ten different heresies, was roasted next month at Lichfield. "God may seem well pleased with this seasonable severity," Fuller has the confidence to write. "There was none ever after that openly avowed these heretical opinions." Fuller did not foresee the wild luxuriance of heresies under the Commonwealth and ever since. He mentions a "Spanish Arian," who was merely "suffered to linger out



A WILD NIGHT.



A PRAYER FOR REVENGE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

When I had finished reading Arthur Pinero's last comedy, "The Benefit of the Doubt," which I did with infinite interest, particularly the masterly construction and climax to the second act, which I hold to be the finest thing the author has done in dramatic literature, I put to myself two questions. The first was, "Will that last act, by its indecision, want of muscle, and the dangerous introduction of the Anglican Bishop as a kind of *deus ex machina*, kill all that has preceded it?" The second question was, "Is Arthur Pinero hesitating even now, at the last minute, between the new school and the old? Is he quite convinced that naturalism is better suited than romance to the 'traffic of the stage'?" Has he absolutely made up his mind to throw boldly in with Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, or has he still a lingering affection for the English school of Thackeray and Dickens?" There are things in this play far finer than anything ever yet done by the accepted masters of the modern school. The theme is sad, but never morbid. The lives painted out for us are inexpressibly sorrowful, but the pictures are delicately drawn and always in good taste. The whole play, in fact, is steeped in the hopelessness, the discomfort, the uncomfortable despair,

remnant of the old good love in him, with the memory of the temptation resisted, with all the irritability and testiness bred of disappointment and being misunderstood. And then that Mrs. Fraser. What a marvellous study she is of a diseased, unhealthy, irreligious, reckless, up-to-date life!—badly brought up, ill-bred, tossed about on the wave of circumstances, trying to be good but ever drifting to the bad, rejected by her husband, refused by her lover, wild, passionate, and hysterical. All we can say is "Ah, the pity of it!" And these characters are not only admirably drawn but are perfectly acted. Miss Winifred Emery has never shown herself to be so excellent an artist. It must naturally vex her to be told that Mrs. Fraser is a champagne-swilling profligate, when the author is at great pains to show that she arrives at a house late at night, weary to death, excited, hungry, not having tasted food all day, and when on the verge of fainting is persuaded by her host to gain strength with stimulants. The situation is perfectly natural, and accurately understood by the artist. The slightest slip on her part, one forced note, one bit of over-colour would have made the scene hideous. But it rose by degrees until it reached the climax, which is unquestionably fine. Miss Lily Hanbury may be sincerely congratulated on her rendering of the jealous, morbid wife. In all this excellent

"retreat" in a closed carriage in order to meditate on her sins in the neighbourhood of the chapter-house. A woman of the temperament of Mrs. Fraser would have roared at the notion of being morally whitewashed by a few weeks' residence with the Right Reverend Father in God in a cathedral town. A more dangerous introduction than that Bishop at a late hour I never remember in any play. However, the audience passed in the Bishop, and there is no more to be said about it. It only remained for him to give his blessing before he drove away with the lost sheep in a closed carriage. The wife of the Bishop, a mixture of worldliness and stifled maternity, is another excellent character, taken in hand with consummate skill by Miss Rose Leclercq. Her touch of sorrow at being childless was very beautiful and delicate, and was one of the very few reliefs of sentiment that the play contained. Mr. Cyril Maude gave us one more of his marvellous modern old men, a priggish and prognostical statesman who bores everyone to death with his statistics and system of mnemonics. All the young men and women are good, and particular mention may be made of Miss Esmé Beringer, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. Stuart Champion, and notably Mr. J. W. Pigott. Both Mr. J. G. Grahame and Miss Henrietta Lindley gave the greatest assistance to a remarkably well-acted play. But it is an

Sir Fletcher Portwood, M.P.
(Mr. Cyril Maude).



ACT II: MRS. FRASER (MISS WINIFRED EMERY) AND MR. ALLINGHAM (MR. J. G. GRAHAME).

ACT I: MRS. FRASER'S RETURN FROM THE DIVORCE COURT.

SCENES FROM MR. PINERO'S PLAY, "THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

and—I cannot help it, I must say it—the irreligion, or at any rate the agnosticism, that disfigure modern society. No one can deny that it is true to nature. These things go on every day, these men and women exist in thousands of households in the year of grace 1895. But the question is, does the average playgoer get better pleased with an accurate photograph of life than with a picture tinged with a little imagination and romance? I remember once discussing with a great portrait-painter the question of flattered portraits. A lady had said in a light and airy way, "Oh, yes; it is like him, but it is so absurdly flattered!" "My dear lady," observed the painter, "in every face of man or woman there is an expression happier than the rest; there is always a moment of beauty. It is the art of the artist to study the face so as to catch that moment of beauty. The photographer can do the rest." And so of plays: the greatest dramatist in painting life gives us a gleam of hope, a ray of beauty. The rest is the work of the journeyman photographer.

The strength of the new play is in that admirable scene where the two women, jealous wife and flighty woman, find their way one by one to the lonely cottage of the man they both love, but ah! in what a different manner! Three characters have seldom been better drawn. We understand the proud, inconsistent wife, racked with the tortures of jealousy, hanging round her husband's neck one minute, hating him and railing at him the next—the kind of woman who turns the best man who ever lived into a fiend. As to the man, he is a bit of nature, with a

performance there was the undercurrent of thought which made the wife seem to say, "Well, if I can't have his love, I am determined that no other woman shall." This is so true to nature, and Miss Hanbury exactly caught the idea. It is well for young actresses to have a change of masters occasionally. Mr. Pinero has certainly done her good and taught her to "get under the skin of a character." I have seen the performance of Mr. Leonard Boyne objected to as being stagey, conventional, and theatrical. For the life of me I cannot see it. There may be a pause or two a little too long here and there, and an attitude occasionally studied and strained, but to me it seemed that the actor had his heart in his work all through, and that he was the very man for this particular and very difficult part. To the superficial observer his actions look unmanly, but properly considered, John Allingham is towards women the soul of chivalry and honour. I am certain that Mr. Boyne reads the part exactly as the author intended it to be read.

It seems to be the general opinion that the first act is by far the best. So far as comedy and character are concerned, it is certainly the brightest. But it was the second act that interested me most, and was played to perfection. Unfortunately, disappointment came with the last act. The solution of the complicated difficulty raised by the dramatist is not, to my mind, satisfactory. I doubt if anyone else less popular than Mr. Pinero would have dared to bring on that old Anglican Bishop at the last second to take the erring wife into a kind of episcopal

open question whether this is not the last of what may be called the Tanqueray series. A breeze of Dickens or a whiff of Thackeray would be acceptable. In fact, I, for one, should not mind a "Magistrate," a "Schoolmistress," or a "Dandy Dick"—just by way of change. A serious Pinero is always interesting, but a humorous Pinero is exhilarating.

The Bishopsgate Institute is now in full swing, and its winter work could have had no better send-off than the brilliant lecture delivered by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould. It had the great advantage of the presidency of the venerable Rev. W. Rogers, to whom the institute owes so much. Mr. Rogers, who was looking wonderfully hale, made some witty preliminary remarks. He stated also, as a proof of how the institution was appreciated, that as many as five thousand persons had been admitted into its various departments in one day. There had not been a single case of disorder since the building had been opened. This was the inauguration of a series of lectures, which was in the nature of an experiment. No fitter commencement could be made than by the lecture which they were expecting to hear. Mr. Rogers then introduced Mr. Gould, who proceeded with his lecture on "Sketches of Parliament." It was illustrated with a series of lantern views. Most of these were from the remarkably clever sketches with which admirers of Mr. Gould are familiar. The lecturer has a strong, clear voice and an agreeable manner, which added considerably to the pleasure of the audience.

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

The capital of Madagascar has fallen, and peace has been concluded on the basis of an effective Protectorate by France. The campaign has been an arduous one, and has entailed much suffering and loss on the part of the expeditionary force; but the many sacrifices it has entailed will all be forgotten in the moment of victory and the triumph of the national cause. The French Republic is to be congratulated on the persistence and courage of her troops, the ability of her commanders, and especially on the apparently moderate terms imposed on the vanquished. No one can wonder at the reported determination to depose the Prime Minister, and all who know anything of the country will be delighted at the consideration extended towards the young Queen, who is respected and beloved by native and foreigner alike. We have no doubt, moreover, that as the time goes on and she gets accustomed to the new conditions, she will be happier as the *protégée* of France than as the puppet of Rainilaiarivony. It is to be hoped that the justice and wisdom of the French rule will render her own subjects and those of other nationalities equally satisfied, *mais nous verrons*. The Residence General, of which we give two Views on the following page, was erected at great expense just after the late war. It is situated on the western side of the city, overlooking the Queen's lake of Anosy, and is composed of one handsome main building, with dwellings for sub-officers and escort at its side. It was vacated by the Envoy and the Resident when the ultimatum was rejected, and the place duly sealed up. The affecting incident of the forgotten dog shut up inside and appearing day after day at one of the windows, until somebody had the sense to break it and let the half-starved creature out, will be remembered. No other damage was done to the residence, and M. Ranchot and his friends now occupy it with different feelings than they left it nearly eleven months ago.

The scene at the entrance to the Queen's Palace has now been changed. The half-ragged and untidy guards

who formerly used to adorn it by sitting or standing about, as they thought fit, have been replaced by smart French sentries, whilst the mob of attendants must have been reduced to something like orderly and reasonable proportions. Among the many changes which the occupation and Protectorate must bring about will be an amelioration

Protestant Martyr Memorial Churches, the Roman Catholic and Anglican Cathedrals, the Palace of the Queen and the dwellings of the nobles, given an impetus to the putting up of houses of a substantial and superior kind. The change within the last thirty years is altogether surprising. Instead of an indescribable collection of rush huts and

wooden houses with thatched roofs, there is now scarcely a house which is not built of brick and has not a good tiled roof, while many are cased with stone or burnt brick, and possess convenient if not artistic and beautiful verandahs. The threat to burn the place and make of Antananarivo a Moscow was from the very first disregarded by those who are acquainted with the value of the interests involved and the great love of the natives for their homes. That love will become intensified, doubtless, when the French occupation makes the possession of those homes more secure.

NEW TOWN HALL, MORLEY.

It was fit and proper that the most famous native of the Yorkshire town of Morley should declare open its new Town Hall. Mr. Asquith, the late Home Secretary, has done honour to his birthplace, and Morley returned the compliment on Oct. 16, when the inauguration of its municipal building was entrusted to him. The hall and its offices have cost £40,000, a fact illustrative of the rapid progress which had, in Mr. Asquith's words, "converted Morley from a comparatively small village into a prosperous and progressive town." At a banquet given in his honour Mr. Asquith alluded to the long connection of his family with the neighbourhood. He mentioned that one of his ancestors, Joshua Asquith, took part in the attempt made by various Puritans to revive the Commonwealth after the Restoration. For this offence he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. This proved, said Mr. Asquith, that there were in those days men who had imbibed the spirit of liberty, and who were strong believers in and supporters of what they believed to be the cause of progress and of justice.



Photo Speight, Morley.

NEW TOWN HALL, MORLEY, OPENED BY THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P., ON OCTOBER 16.

in the lot of the unfortunate prisoners condemned to wear heavy irons for various terms of imprisonment, and to get their living as best they can by day, and remain in a miserably wretched and horribly dirty hovel by night. But this will mean the expenditure of considerable sums of money. The building of the Residency has certainly improved the appearance of the city, and has, like the erection of the



RIVER-SCENERY IN MADAGASCAR.



RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE AT ANTANANARIVO: GRAND SALOON.



RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE AT ANTANANARIVO: RECEPTION ROOM.



FIRE ENGINE, WORKED BY DAIMLER PETROLEUM ENGINE, FOR COUNTRY HOUSE.—EXHIBITED BY THE HON. EVELYN ELLIS.
Captain Tinne and the Tunbridge Wells Volunteer Fire Brigade.



VIS-À-VIS, WITH DAIMLER PETROLEUM ENGINE; SPEED ABOUT 15 MILES AN HOUR.
EXHIBITED BY SIR DAVID SALOMONS.



CARRIAGE, WITH DAIMLER PETROLEUM ENGINE, BY PANHARD AND LEVASSOR, PARIS.
EXHIBITED BY THE HON. EVELYN ELLIS.



STEAM HORSE, ATTACHED TO CARRIAGE.—EXHIBITED BY DE DION AND BOUTON, PARIS.
EXHIBITION OF HORSELESS VEHICLES AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Mr. Thomas Longley of Dover weighs 44 stone 6 lb. He stands 6 ft. 1 in. in his stockings, measures 70 in. round the chest, 83 in. round the waist, and 26 in. round the calf of the leg. This is the plain yet eloquent statement of a correspondent of an esteemed contemporary which, in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm, had cited a Mr. Canon-Berg, a Scandinavian, as a phenomenal agglomeration of human flesh. This was too much for the national pride of the correspondent, and with figures in hand he proved that the alien had to take, if not a back seat, at any rate, one in the second rank of fat phenomena.

Unfortunately, the correspondent has left us in the dark with regard to the mental and moral capacities and the social accomplishments of Mr. Longley. He has told us nothing of Mr. Longley's temper, of his bodily strength, of his potentiality as a trencherman, of his conviviality, of his faculties for imbibing strong liquors. As a mere mass of flesh Mr. Longley is not in it with the famous Daniel Lambert, who at the beginning of this century was exhibited on the site of Burlington House, and who at the age of thirty-six weighed 87 stone, nearly double the weight of Mr. Longley.

The Leicestershire man was, moreover, very strong, for he frequently carried four hundredweight and a half round the room. He seems also to have been fairly intelligent, to judge by the long conversations the members of the then fashionable world had with him. Of course, Mr. Longley may be just as strong, just as intelligent, and just as good-tempered as his predecessor in the phenomenal world, but with regard to the first-named qualities we have to proceed on conjecture; with regard to the third we have an almost invariable rule to go by; very obese males being nine times out of ten most easy to get along with. Virey, the eminent French physiologist and physician—not to be confounded with his namesake, the well-known captain and author of "L'Histoire des Macchabées"—Virey, the physician, laid it down as a rule that excessive obesity in human males is the outward sign of inward contentment. "Cesar," he says, "was less afraid of Mark Antony and Dolabella, who were fat and corpulent, than of Brutus, Cassius, and Cimber, who were lean, and subject to violent passions."

The Frenchman discreetly holds his pen about fat females. In my youth I have known at least three very fat gentlewomen who might easily have passed muster as phenomena, and I feel bound to say that they were sweet-tempered to a degree. On the other hand, in the course of my chequered career I have come in contact with four or five absolutely phenomenally fat women—I mean show-women—whose most devoted friends of both sexes always stood in fear and trembling before them. Again, Marietta Alboni was of the most angelic disposition in creation. She rarely, if ever, worried her managers, her servants worshipped her, and the little lads and lasses in the Champs Elysées, whither she was in the habit of going in the latter days of her life, watched for her coming.

I doubt whether a safe rule can be formulated with regard to the intelligence of fat people; albeit that there exists a presumption against their mental endowments. Both Fox and Dr. Johnson were remarkably corpulent, yet no one would for a moment dispute their intelligence, any more than they would that of Arthur Orton, although the intelligence of the latter was of a different kind. Marius—I mean the Roman General, not the Anglo-French actor—was fat, yet his intelligence is beyond question; so was that of Jean Sobieski, the King of Poland, whose obesity nearly cost him his life, when he found himself in the midst of a troop of Turkish cavalry and had not sufficient breath to fly unaided. His attendants sacrificed themselves for him. Mirabeau's younger brother, nicknamed Barrel-Mirabeau, was by all accounts as highly gifted as his senior, and to the full as physically active and mentally energetic; the reason of his comparative obscurity lies in the cause he advocated, not in the lack of brains. The Duc de Vendôme, that worthy son of Henri IV., was enormous, and so was one of the Ducs de Luynes.

All those phenomenally obese people are generally very great eaters, and, without exception, thirsty souls; but it is by no means proved that the extraordinary quantity of food and drink they consume is the primary cause of their obesity, for I remember having seen, about five or six-and-thirty years ago, a child in Paris which weighed about 120 lb.; and an English doctor, whose name has slipped my memory, speaks in his works of an English lad who, at the age of ten years, pulled the scale at 10 stone 4 lb. At twenty he had increased to 25 stone. Now, if it be not possible to dole out the food of a grown-up person, it is perfectly possible to do so in the case of a child of four, and yet we find the remarkable instance of a child of that age weighing 7½ stone.

What more natural, then, than the wish for some particulars about Mr. Longley's mode of life? Men of that bulk are always interesting. Burns wrote the epitaph of Francis Grose, and I, for one, would like to see Mr. Longley's tailor's, hosiery's, and bootmaker's bills, and compare them with the accounts of similar tradesmen who supply "Little Tich." If there be not an enormous difference between the two sets of invoices, the clever music-hall artist is decidedly the victim of overcharge. Is Mr. Longley married? Has he any children? Is Mrs. Longley short or tall, and is she afraid of her husband or he afraid of her? If space permitted I would give the story of a giant—a professional one—who married what was practically a dwarf, and who quailed in his big boots before her. In short, my curiosity with regard to Mr. Longley is aroused, and I fancy I shall know no rest until I have "interviewed" him. It is a practice I condemn in the abstract, but *une fois n'est pas coutume*.

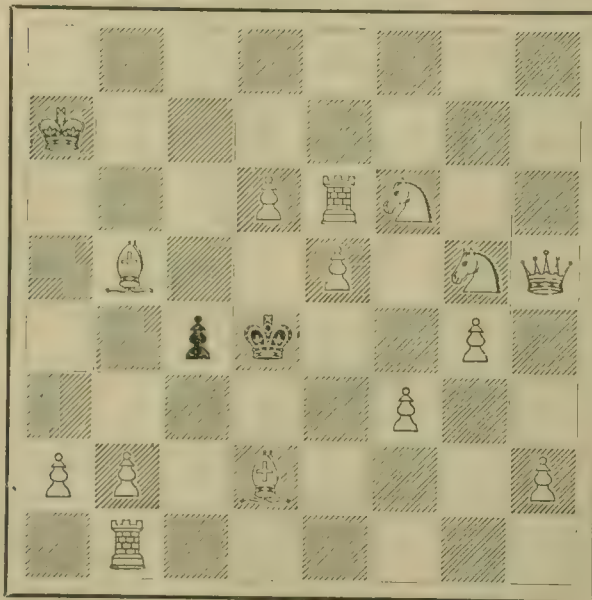
CHESS.

SURBITON.—The moves were transposed. After Black plays 1. K to K 5th, 2. B takes Kt, and mate must follow.
G N HOLLS (Dartmouth Park).—But if Black play P to D 4th (ch), where is mate next move?
J P (Foxton).—See answer to "Surbiton."
H DOBELL (Whittington Court).—Will you favour us with another diagram of your problem bearing your name? The one we think is yours has no name attached, and we do not wish to make a mistake.
P DALY (Clapham).—Thanks; we hope to find it all right.
C W (Sunbury).—We regret there is another solution to your problem, commencing 1. Q to Kt sq.
W E Moss (Burnthwaite).—(1) However frivolous the interposition, if the mate is delayed beyond the stipulated number of moves the problem is unsound. (2) No; no illustrative games are given in the work mentioned. (3) We are not acquainted with such a work, but write to J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.
G C Woods.—The problem you send is of no use. It does not possess the slightest suggestion of chess strategy.
J W CRISP (Moreton-in-Marsh).—The one main variation is sufficient, and in two moves the key move.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2680 received from St. George Taylor (Argentina); of No. 2686 from Albert Wolff; of No. 2687 from E G Boys, J K Dixon, Dr. Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), W H Danson, James M K Lupton (Richmond), and F W Crisp; of No. 2688 from Omega, C J Fisher (Eye), W S Moss (Heaton), Odham Club, Albert Wolff, W H Danson, James M K Lupton, J D Tucker (Leeds), G C Woods, H J Bee, John M Robert (Crossgar), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Bailey (Newark), John F Wilkinson, B A (Baeup), Grand Café (Luxembourg), E W Burnell (Edgbaston), and O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2689 received from E E H, F James (Wolverhampton), C J Fisher, E Loudon, Edward Bygott (Sandbach), S Elyatt (Aberdeen), Z Ingold (Frampton), Two Salisbury Mice, Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), James M K Lupton, Frank Proctor, Hubert Dobell, R H Brooks, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), R Worters (Canterbury), L Desanges, W R B (Clifton), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E Perugini, T Roberts, Alpha, F Waller (Luton), John S C Bridge, J S Wesley (Exeter), Shadforth, M Burke, Ubique, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), S Davis (Leicester), C M O, F Glanville, John M S Moorat (Dedham), R N C D, Oliver Icingle, F W C (Edgbaston), Castle Lea, Edwin J Rust (Haverhill), B Copland (Chelmsford), W R Bailem, Thomas Isaac (Maldon), Miss Isaac (Maldon), M Hobhouse, J Hall, W Wright, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C M A B, W David (Cardiff), P Anderson, Falkner, Albert Wolff, Walter Lewis (Swansea), T G (Ware), James Gamble (Belfast), F J Candy (Croydon), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), F A Carter (Maldon), Sorrento, Rev. C. T. Salusbury, Makepeace, P Leete (Sudbury), H T Atterbury, H T, F B Guerin (Guernsey), and J R Spencer (Kidderminster).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2683.—By JOSE PALUZIE.

WHITE. BLACK.
 1. Kt to B 5th. Any move.
 2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2691
 By S. P. PAVRI (Bombay).
 BLACK.



WHITE.
 White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.
 Game played at the Hastings Chess Club between MESSRS. CHESHIRE and DOBELL in consultation against Mr. BLACKBURN.
 (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies).	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt to Kt 4th	P to Kt 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 5th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	To leave the Q P unmoved in the Evans Gambit during half of the game is enough of itself to make defeat a certainty.	
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	16. Kt to R 6th (ch)	K to B sq
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	17. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. Kt takes P	B to Kt sq
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	19. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th	20. B to R 6th (ch)	K to K sq
P to Q 3rd should have been played at the earliest opportunity.		21. Kt to K 3rd	Kt takes Kt
9. B to K Kt 5th	P to K B 3rd	22. B takes Kt	B to Kt 5th
10. Kt to K 5th	P to Kt 3rd	23. Q to Kt 3rd	K to Q 2nd
11. B to B 7th (ch)	K to B sq	24. P to Q 5th	Q to B 2nd
12. B takes Kt	K takes B	Losing the game at once.	
13. B to R 4th	P to B 3rd	25. P takes P (ch)	Resigns.

Much too tame. Again, P to Q 3rd, driving away the Kt and liberating the Q B, was the right move.

CHESS IN AFRICA.
 Game played at Johannesburg between Mr. R. W. SCHUMACHER and Mr. M. (Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	10. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	B to K 3rd
2. P to B 4th	P takes P	11. Q takes B	P takes K Kt P
This is one of the gambits that should never be accepted, as the Pawn cannot be defended.		12. R to K P sq	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. R takes P	Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	14. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	P to K 4th	15. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q sq
A move to be commended in all similar positions.		16. Kt to K 4th	Kt to R 4th
6. B takes P	B to Q Kt 5th	17. R to Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd
7. P to Q 5th		18. Q to B 3rd	
There is a delightful freedom from conventionalities in this game, and some highly interesting complications now follow.		19. Q to K 5th	Q to R B sq
7. P takes Kt	P takes Kt	20. R takes Kt and wins.	
8. P takes P (ch)	K takes B		

A match in the A Division of the London Chess League was contested on Oct. 17 between the Metropolitan and Hampstead Clubs. There were twenty players a side, and a good fight ensued, the Hampstead Club holding their own for some time against their formidable opponents. After some hours' play the final score resulted in a victory for the Metropolitan Club by 11½ games to 8½.

The following problem was awarded second prize in the two-move section of the Leeds Mercury tournament. By P. F. Blake.

White: K at Q B 8th, Q at Q B 7th, R at K R 6th, Kts at K Kt 6th and Q sq, Bs at K Kt 2nd and Q R sq, Ps at K B 3rd and 5th and Q Kt 5th.
 Black: K at Q 4th, R at K B 5th, Kts at Q Kt 5th and K B 8th, B at K B sq, P at K Kt 2nd.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

A Women's Conference is being held this week at Nottingham which promises to be of great interest, and, as it is an annual fixture, it will in the course of time, no doubt, become yet more important. It began a few years ago under the name of "Conference of Women Workers," and was designed to bring together women working under various names and banners for public service. It has now been a little enlarged in its scope, for at first it was almost exclusively "churchy" and "philanthropic," but this year the political side of work is being introduced by a paper on Women's Suffrage by Mrs. Fawcett, and another by Mrs. Hicks on the legal limitations of work imposed on women alone by Parliament. In course of time, no doubt, the circle from which the readers of the papers is drawn will be wider, and the choice of topics may become unlimited. If thus widely and freely and openly conducted this annual Parliament may become productive of great good to women's interests, for it is already abundantly shown that men are willing (*Englishmen*, at any rate, are willing) to grant all that they are convinced women really need and seriously demand.

At present the speakers are selected by the committee of management, and are for the most part ladies of social position, and, to a great extent, pronounced Churchwomen. The president of the Conference is a Bishop's wife, Mrs. Creighton; and the president of the Nottingham committee is the wife of the Bishop of the locality, Lady Laura Ridding. The local hon. sec. is the wife of the Vicar of All Saints, Nottingham, Mrs. Arnold Gem; and amongst the speakers Lady Frederick Cavendish and the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton, and many of the others are also closely connected with the Church. As to the subjects for discussion, some of them are very abstract, such as "The Responsibility of Refinement," and "The Proper Way of Spending Money." But many are directed to immediate practical ends, such as Adeline Duchess of Bedford's address on clubs for working girls; Miss Clifford, Poor-Law guardian, on the Poor Laws; Mrs. Percy Bunting, on the Criminal Law Amendment Act; and Lady Battersea, on temperance work in villages.

It is odd to see how the world moves. The Catholic University of America, at Washington, which has been hitherto devoted to the education of young men destined for the priesthood, has just arranged to institute classes especially for the nuns of the educational orders, the Ursulines, Sisters of St. Joseph, and others. It has been found that the sisters' convent schools cannot compete with the average schools for girls in the United States unless the nuns' own higher education is provided for; and the shabby example of our own old Universities has found favour, for the nuns are to be invited to pass the men's examinations for degrees, but are not to receive the degrees to which they are thus fairly entitled. At almost the same moment the Catholic Archbishop of Granada, in backward Spain, has stopped a lecturer who began to advocate the higher education of women, the Archbishop declaring that L. "could not allow anything so subversive of the ordinances of God to be uttered in his presence!" However, it must be remembered that Spain is a terribly unenlightened country, for men as well as for women. Mrs. Arenal, in her work on the position of women in her country, says that "Education in Spain is at a very low level. Men are poorly trained, and a University degree stands for privilege and not for acquirements. In girls' schools it is the exception rather than the rule if the schoolmistress knows how to write intelligibly and without transgressing the laws of orthography, to read intelligently and to explain the simplest parts of arithmetic. Speaking generally, the Spanish mistress of a school ought to go to school herself."

Sealskin is a little lower in price this year than it has been for some three years or so past, but not much. Sable has now gone up in price immensely, and the tiniest bit of it—a small tie, for instance—will now be an expensive possession. All women who have any garment of either of these furs should cherish it carefully, for there is every reason to suppose that the price will be a constantly advancing one. It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that moth does not readily attack sealskins; there is something in the dressing that is obnoxious to these little pests, and they will prefer anything else that they can find—though it is not impossible to find moth in sealskins, mind! Don't leave your cloak unpeppered next spring and say that I told you to do so. The combination of these two most expensive furs is as popular as ever. Sealskin is also mixed with astrachan, with skunk, with ermine (in the shape of a deep collar) and in one case (in a smart model from Paris) with ostrich-feather trimming. Of course, sealskin mantles, like all others, must have either wide sleeves or be cut very full round as capes, and this causes the use of a great deal of the costly raw material.

In some new mantles there is a combination of a material, fur and embroidery. For instance, I have seen a black velvet long cape reaching to the hem of the dress made with a high collar of sable, and a trimming of the sable tails (the little round actual tails are revived for trimmings just the same as they were worn a few winters ago) going right down the front of the garment; then there was a collar of the black velvet falling far down over the arms, and embroidered elaborately with silks in many dull tones lit up with "jewels." I suppose it need hardly be added that this was a carriage-wrap and not a walking garment. Another was made of one of the new patterned velvets that we owe to the Shahzade's visit—an Oriental pine pattern in subdued Eastern tones on a black ground. This had a collar of skunk, and a band of the same fur round the shoulder line, while the intervening yoke was covered with a white lace appliqué that was embroidered all over with gold thread. A simpler fur garment was a coat of black Persian lamb, provided with huge sleeves, made to be fitting at the back and loose in front, double-breasted, fastening down with four big smoked pearl buttons at either side; revers of ermine. For girls, the Eton coats of sealskin are becoming, and do not look so overpowering to the slim figure and delicate colouring that a really pretty and typical English girl can always boast, as do the more complete coats or capes in such a heavy material.



"Mamma, shall I have beautiful long hair like you when I grow up?"
"Certainly, my dear, if you use Edwards' 'Harlene.'"

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 18, 1895), of Mr. Hay Richards Morant, of The Manor House, Ringwood, Hants, who died on June 18, was proved on Sept. 20 by Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Morant, the widow, Walter Wykesmith, and George Pritchard Brown, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £51,941. The testator bequeaths his plate (except a few articles specifically bequeathed), furniture, and household effects to his wife; one of his houses at Mudeford to his wife for life; and a few other legacies. One fourth of the proceeds of the sale of The Manor House and other property at Ringwood, and a sum of £3500 are to be held upon trust for his wife for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, Hay George Samuel, Reginald Montgomery, and Rowland, and he appoints in their favour on the death of his wife, who has the life interest, a sum of £10,000 under his marriage settlement.

The will (dated March 10, 1893), with a codicil (dated the 17th of the same month), of the Right Rev. Anthony Wilson Thorold, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, who died on July 25, has been proved by Lewis Tonna Dibdin and Arthur Proctor Pickering, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,331. The testator bequeaths the furniture, fixtures, and effects set out in a schedule, upon trust, for the use of his successor, and to go with the see of Winchester as heirlooms; his books, pamphlets, and documents of a theological character not otherwise bequeathed to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester for the use of the clergy schools; certain pictures and other articles to go with the Skidbrook property as heirlooms; the small silver gilt inkstand given to him by Archbishop Thomson and his silver gilt candlesticks to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and there are various specific bequests to his three children, and legacies to executors, late governess of daughters, valet, and coachman. His land and hereditaments at Skidbrook, in the county of Lincoln, he devises to the use of his son Algar Labouchere Thorold, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his three children, Dorothy Margaret, Algar Labouchere, and Sybil Emily, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1893) of Sir Thomas Francis Wade, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., formerly H.B.M. Minister at Peking, and Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, of 5, Salisbury Villas, Cambridge, who died on July 31, was proved on Oct. 14 by Dame Amelia Wade, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,333. The testator leaves all his books in any way relating to China, Corea, Japan, the Malay Peninsula, or any Asiatic country to the University of Cambridge; and £1000, upon trust, for Louisa Wade, the widow of his brother, Arthur Robert Wade, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1892) of Mr. Richard Agnew Fraser, formerly of 45, Portman Square, and late of

Dunlichity, Daviot, Inverness-shire, who died on April 18, was proved on Sept. 18 by Robert Scarlett Fraser, the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,645. The testator gives £100 each to the Highland Orphanage, the Northern Infirmary, and the Northern Counties Blind Institute, all of Inverness; all his estate and effects in the Island of Ceylon to his brother Robert Scarlett Fraser; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said brother for life, and then for his children or remoter issue as he shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1894) of the Right Hon. Annie Mary Eleanor, Baroness Trevor, of Brynkinalt Chirk, Denbighshire, who died on May 10, was proved on Oct. 11 by Lord Trevor, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,372. The testatrix bequeaths, in the event of her dying without leaving a child or children, various legacies to her sisters, nieces, cousin, and old nurse. There is also a specific bequest to her brother, Lord Saltoun. The residue of her property she gives to her husband.

The will of Mr. Henry Wood, of 34, Ritherden Road, Balham, who died on June 21, was proved on Sept. 5 by Peter Steven and Thomas Harding Olney, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8872. The testator bequeaths £250 and all his household furniture and effects, not otherwise specifically bequeathed, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, and he states that he has already amply provided for her by a settlement. Subject to a few other bequests, he gives the residue of his real and personal estate to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

The will and codicil of Mr. Philip Heatly Douglas, of Catisfield Lodge, Fareham, Hants, who died on Aug. 7, were proved on Oct. 10 by the Rev. Alexander Douglas, the brother, and the Rev. Alfred Hensley, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9282.

The will of Mrs. Harriet Seymour, of 252, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on April 19, was proved on Oct. 8 by Wilton Winckworth March Seymour, the son, and Robert Edward Leman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7811.

The will of Mrs. Mary Anne Frances Lloyd-Wynne, widow of John Lloyd-Wynne, of Coed-Côch, Denbighshire, of 7, Eaton Place, who died on Aug. 23 at Berne, was proved on Oct. 12 by Anne Gwendolyn Lloyd-Wynne, Charles Stewart, and Bertrand Stewart, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7489.

Dean Farrar's old house in Dean's Yard has been described as unfit for human habitation, owing to the state of the drains, and Canon Eyton will not take up his residence in it till after Christmas. It is supposed that Dean Farrar, who for some time was far from well, suffered from the effects of the bad drainage.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The genesis of the Higher Criticism has exercised many people, but I think until last week it was never traced to the late Prince Consort. But the Church Congress correspondent of the *Church Times*, discoursing on Father Ignatius, says, "He evidently has as great a detestation of what is known as the 'Higher Criticism,' imported from the sceptical German Lutheran school of Biblical scientists to which the absurd popular cult of the late Prince Consort gave currency, as I have."

At Castle Rising, near Sandringham, there is a hospita, containing a number of apartments, a chapel, hall, and kitchen, built in 1613 by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and endowed by him with a rent-roll of £100 per annum, for twelve aged women. Here may be seen on Sundays and saints' days, when these old folk are bound by the statutes to appear in uniform, more steeple-crowned hats of the true Welsh fashion than would be observed by a traveller in a long day's walk even through the least traversed parts of Wales.

Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of Peterborough, made an effective address to working women in Norwich, and fairly brought down the house with one story: "One day a girl said to a friend: 'Eliza, three of my young men are coming to-night; come along with me.' But Eliza kept quietly on one side while her friend talked with the three young soldiers; but when they were about to separate the nicest of the men turned to her and said: 'Will you not show me where your mother lives?'" The women caught the point at once. Mrs. Creighton went on: "It is all very well to laugh, but remember quiet, modest girls get the best husbands."

The Wolvesey Palace at Winchester has been opened again. It stands on nearly the same site as stood the palace where St. Swithin lived, and where King Alfred wrote the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The present mansion had for its architect Sir Christopher Wren, and consists of eighteen rooms in three storeys, besides a chapel; and, with its large gardens, is enclosed within a lofty and very old wall. The largest room of the number accommodates two hundred persons, and the building has been opened as a diocesan church house. One room is to be set apart for the Bishop, who will there grant interviews to his clergy, and another will be for the use of secretaries of societies. Five shillings is the annual subscription.

"Peter Lombard" has been visiting Fairford, the birthplace of John Keble. He describes it as singularly peaceful. The main glory of Fairford Church is its stained glass, unequalled in interest by any church in England. It was manufactured about 1490. Fairford is reached from Oxford by a line that stops there. It was intended to open a new line from Fairford to Cirencester in 1884, but this has not yet been done.

The statement that the Rev. W. O. Burrows, Principal of the Leeds Clergy School, has been offered and has accepted the Principalship of Wells Theological College is erroneous.

A revised version of the Apocrypha will appear in the course of next month.

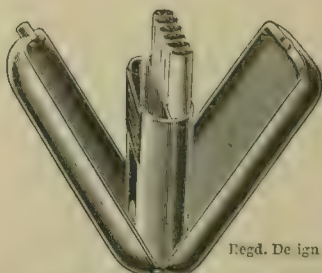
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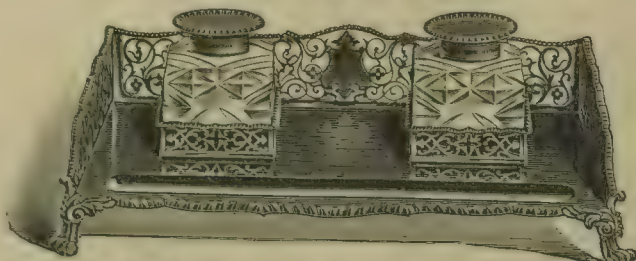


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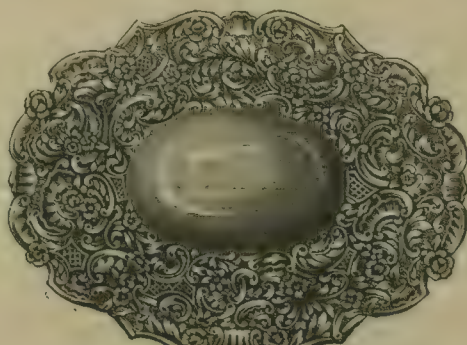
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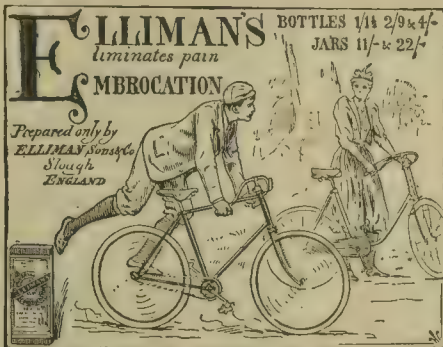
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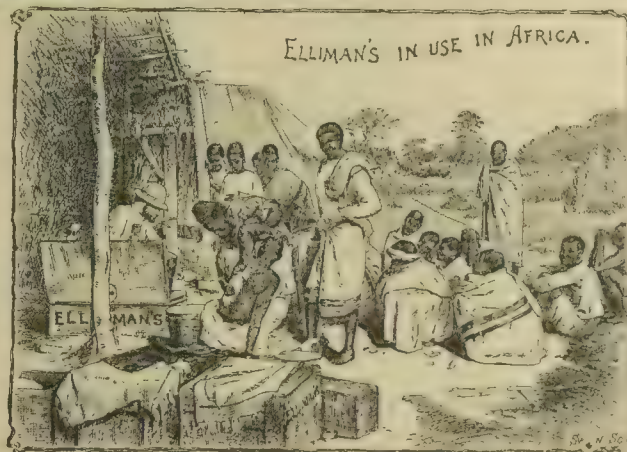
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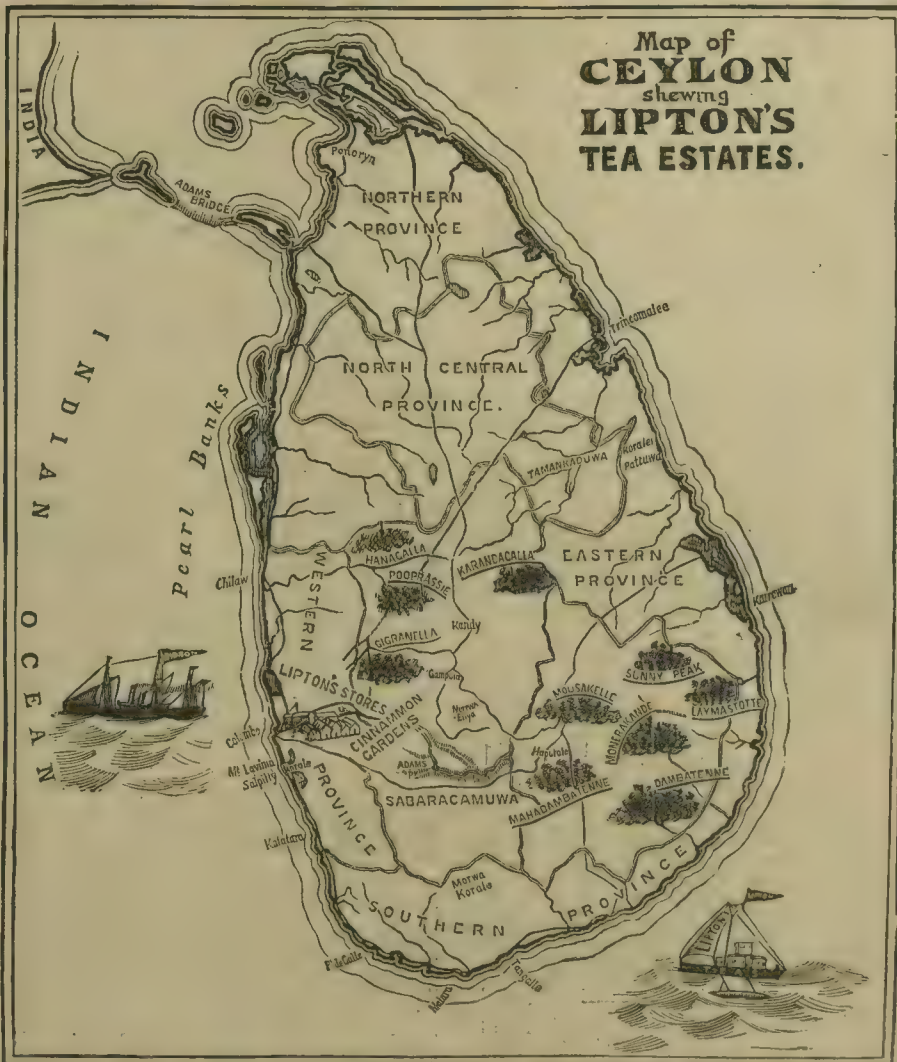


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insurrection against the Spanish misrule of the Netherlands, took place in the southern provinces, which now form the Kingdom of Belgium, and resulted in defeat. He then authorised the patriotic and Protestant volunteers of Holland, Zeeland, and Friesland to undertake operations by sea; and in the first week of April 1572 a few small vessels in which they had crossed from Dover, with two hundred and fifty men, surprised the garrison of Brill, a well fortified town; they hoisted the Orange tricolour upon the church-tower, and repulsed, with the aid of the townsfolk, a force of troops and ships that attacked Brill after several days. This example was followed by revolts of the people at Flushing, Veer, Rotterdam, Dort, Oudewater, Leyden, Gouda, Haarlem, Alkmaar, Hoorn, Enkhuizen, and the other towns of Holland, except Amsterdam. It was sustained in the next two years by their stubborn conflicts with Alva's formidable army, especially at the sieges of Haarlem, Alkmaar, and Leyden, endured by men and women of those towns with amazing fortitude, until Alva was compelled to withdraw from the Northern Netherlands. William the Silent's death by assassination in 1584 left the contest still undetermined. England afterwards gave some assistance, which was fully recompensed, indeed, by the Dutch naval services preventing the army of Parma crossing to our shores at the coming of the Armada. The town and fortress of Brill was then, and for many years, in English keeping by the terms of alliance. A century later, in 1688, Brill witnessed, together with the neighbouring port

of Helvoetsluis, the departure of the fleet and small army of William III., great-grandson of the first Prince of Orange, to assist the English defenders of constitutional government and of the Protestant Church against King James II. Princess Mary of England, the Stadtholder's wife, soon afterwards to share his throne in her own country, bade him farewell at this place on the evening of Oct. 16, and he sailed for the first time on Oct. 19, but a violent storm from the west scattered the whole fleet. The Prince, however, was safe on shore two days afterwards, and the expedition put forth again on Nov. 1, to land in Torbay on Nov. 5. But in those days of painful anxiety Princess Mary was at Brill awaiting the news, and daily resorting to the church for prolonged private prayers.

The old church of Brill, a decayed and now poor little town, stands in need of works for its preservation at a cost of £3000, towards which the Dutch Government and the Queen have made liberal contributions, but £1000 is still required. It is a fine example of Gothic architecture, dating from 1417. An appeal to public liberality has been made by a local committee, of which Mr. A. Hermans, notary, of Brill, is president, and Mr. John H. Been, the archivist, is secretary and writer of an eloquent pamphlet on this topic. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. A. L. Verwoerd. They consider it not unlikely that some English subscribers might be found who would be sorry to miss the old tower if it should be left to fall, and who are willing to help to repair it in time.

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SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

The chief advantage of an exhibition of this restricted nature is to show how far English portrait-painting keeps in touch with that of foreign countries, and how far and in what direction our own artists are progressing. As a starting-point, scarcely a better choice could have been made than Mr. Frederick Sandys' "Mrs. Lewis" (6), painted more than thirty years ago, when the echo of pre-Raphaelitism had not altogether died away, and when van Eyck and the older Flemish masters were coming into vogue. As a study of an old lady, Mr. Sandys has done better work before and since this portrait was painted, but the dexterous care with which the play of two opposite mirrors has been worked out, both in drawing and colouring, is worthy of the closest study. Mr. Watts, on the other hand, in his portrait of Mrs. Edward Ellice (27), shows that even in the past there were painters who, notwithstanding an affectation of roughness of style, endowed their sitters with the attractions of old age. From these two specimens of what may almost be termed "ancient art" to the modernity of Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy and M. Blanche, of Herr Carl von Stetten and M. Fernand Khnopff, it is "a far cry." The interval, however, is fairly bridged over by artists of various degrees of excellence, who have come and gone, and leave but few traces of their passage on the walls of the New Gallery. For this we are duly grateful, as it enables us more satisfactorily to contrast the influence

of Carolus Duran upon his own countrymen and upon foreigners. In this, in fact, lies the chief interest of this exhibition. It is, however, only fair to say that one painter at least of titled ladies, Mr. Ellis Roberts, has not succumbed to the modern spirit; but we wonder if he hopes by such "classical" studies as "The Countess of Yarborough" (82) and "The Duchess of Portland" (86) to revive a style which, at its best, had but an ephemeral existence. It was in a very different way and by different means that Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and others earned celebrity for themselves and immortality for their models. Although the same reproach cannot be applied to the works of Mr. Oulless, the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Blake Wirgman, and others, the interest in their work is lessened by the fact that it is not specially distinctive, and has been mostly exhibited previously. The curious chain of French artists who paint each other's portraits, the group of foreigners who have studied in Paris, and especially the Glasgow school, are the features which give to this exhibition its chief claim on public notice. In the first set, M. Carolus Duran, the master, is scantily represented by the single portrait of the Scandinavian artist Fritz Thaulow (59), a curious mixture of an old Viking and Norman rapin, whose face, as depicted, scarcely, but for a certain softness in the eyes, conveys the impression of the artist who could produce such a bit of delicate sentiment as "The First-born" (67), asleep beside the young mother, and both nestling under a mass of white bed-clothes. But the most striking, if not the best

representative of French modernity is M. Gandara, whose portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt (28) is as genuinely vigorous and expressive as Mr. John Collier's rendering of Miss Julia Neilson (95) is constrained and stagey. There are other qualities in M. Gandara's work, especially those displayed in the painting of the satin dress, which should commend it to the careful study of English artists. The only one of our own countrymen who can in any degree paint with this brilliancy and *verve* is Mr. J. J. Shannon, who is seen at his best in his child figure of Miss Marion Charles (70), although in his portrait of Mr. F. Wedmore (45) he has succeeded in giving a thoughtful study of a face which must have presented more than usual difficulties. M. Blanche has also taken the art critics in hand, and in his portrait of Mr. George Moore (8), and in that of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley (10) expends much talent in translating more unconventional types. That he can also render with equally good results the elegance and easy pose of a beautiful woman is shown by his portrait of Mrs. Gerald Talbot (2), which is perhaps the most *distingué* picture in the whole exhibition, although slight in its treatment. A curious comparison might be made between the two groups of children: those of Lady Eden (20), by Prince Troubetzkoy, and those of Mr. Massé, by Mr. Mouat Loudan. The former has a very obvious advantage in his subject, and in the Reynolds-like posing of the group leaves little to be desired. The colouring, however, is slightly monotonous, and consequently the picture is a little flat. Mr. Mouat Loudan's work suffers from the

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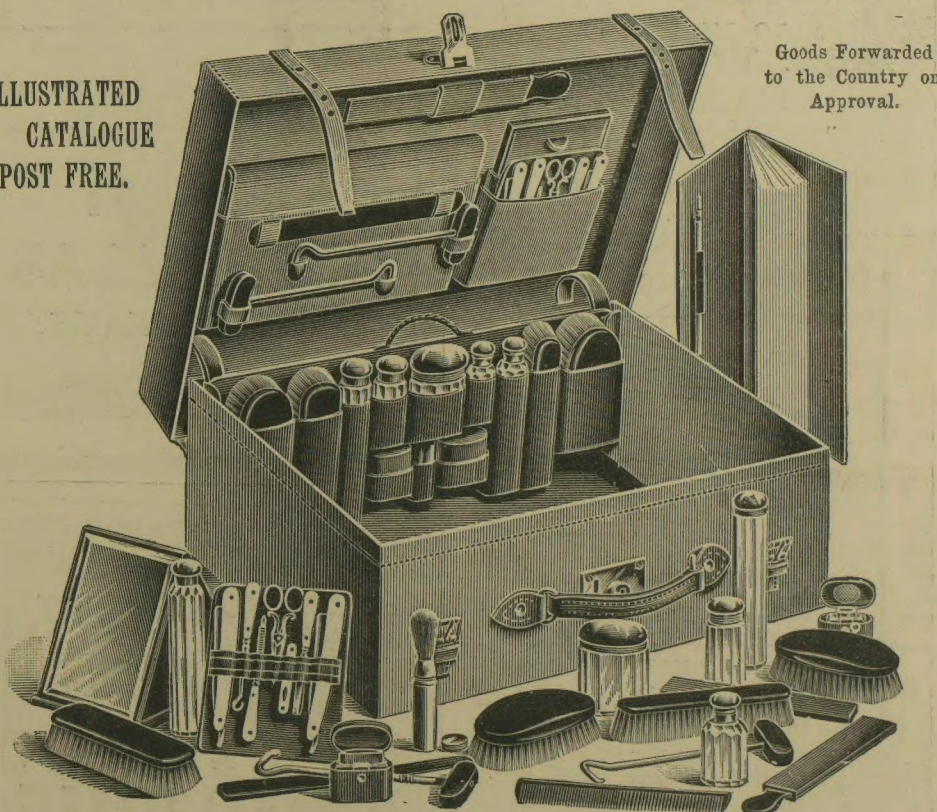
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same defect; and although he has a greater grip of the children, he just misses the softer moulding of their limbs and features.

Mr. John Lavery, not hitherto much known as a portrait-painter, is represented by five pictures, of which the quiet and reserved picture of Mrs. Christie Smith (102) and the more piquant rendering of Miss Burrell (84) are the most effective. Another Glasgow painter, Mr. James Guthrie, shows also to advantage in the expressive portrait of Mrs. MacChose (85); but even better is the child study of Master Edward Martin (72), which is full of boyish character. Mr. W. Llewellyn, who has established himself in public favour as a painter of elegant and well-dressed women, on whom grace rather than force is bestowed, is seen to good advantage in his portrait of his wife (98), and Mr. C. N. Kennedy in like manner finds his

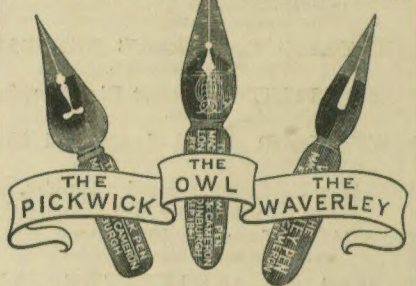
model (77) in his own home. Miss Delissa Joseph is careful not to entrust the rendering of her counterfeit presentment to other hands (75), but it is as difficult to understand why she should adopt such a tragic expression on the occasion as to fathom the reason of Mr. L. W. Hawkins in his treatment of Madame Séverine (146), the French writer, who, whatever her faults, scarcely deserves to be handled so severely. There are several other pictures, both by foreigners and our own countrymen, which deserve notice—such as M. Fernand Khnopff's portrait of a child (103), M. Gustave Courtois' portrait of a very white lady (106), and his own portrait (4) by M. Carl von Stetten, a character-study in variety and pose; Mr. John Collier's Miss Cissie Loftus (14); and M. Nicolet's Miss D. Nicolet (49), in which, as in Mr. van Ruith's and Mr. Rolshoven's work, we trace the influence of Paris training upon foreign

artists. Mr. J. Whistler's "Study in Red" (16), and Mr. George Clausen's portrait of Mr. Mark Fisher (133) mark in a very distinct way the aims of the two schools of painting which will equally leave their mark upon history during the latter quarter of this century.

As an interesting evidence of the advance of Japan in commercial enterprise the issue of the *Japanese Journal of Commerce*, which we have received from the Eastern Press, Limited (26, Fleet Street, E.C.), is noteworthy. There are 120 pages devoted to British manufactures, more particularly to machinery, though the fact that the matter is printed in Japanese precludes a more detailed statement. Such a journal ought to do much for the interests of trade between this country and Japan.

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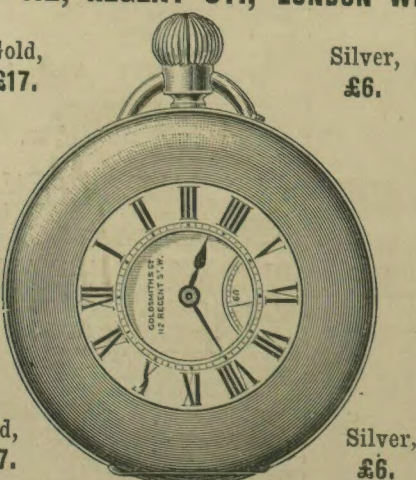
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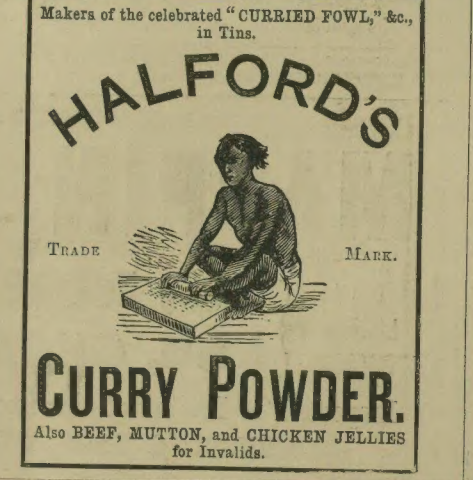
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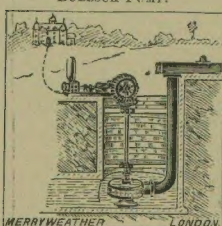
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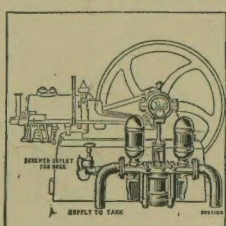
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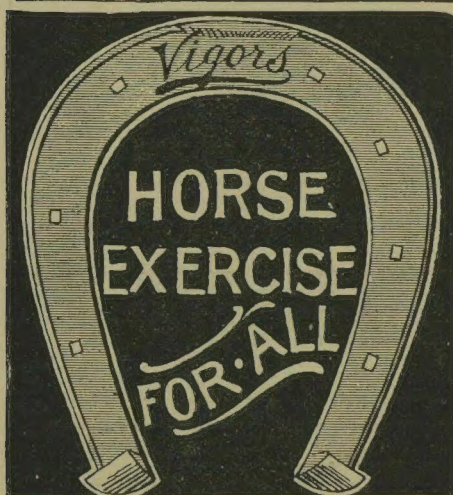
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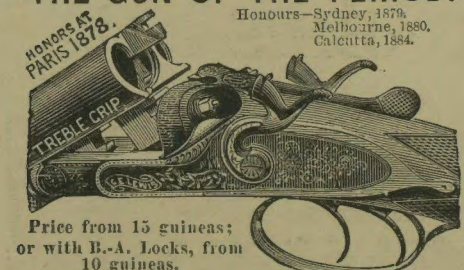
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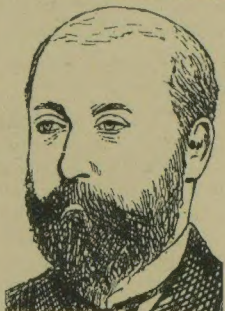
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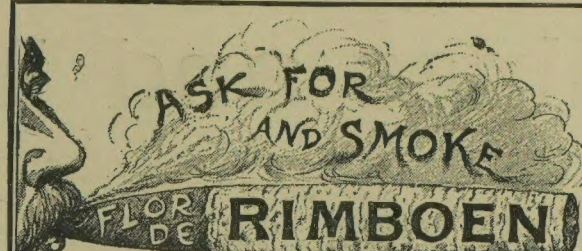
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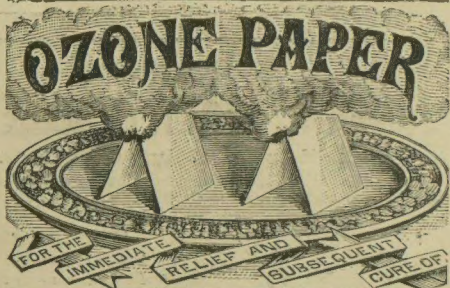
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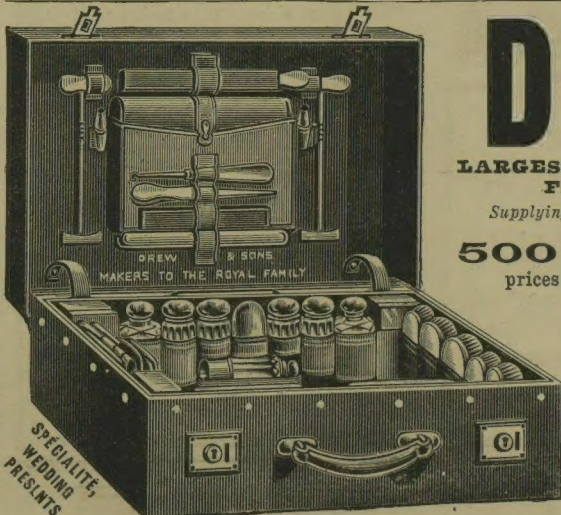


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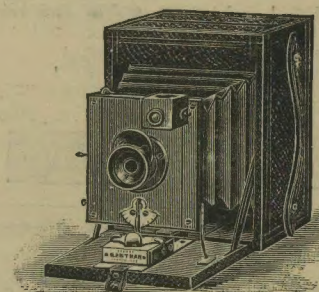
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